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HINDENBURG'S CANDIDACY for the presidency of Germany is serious. Republics everywhere have a habit of honoring military heroes with public office, and much of the war glamor hangs about Hindenburg which Ludendorff, unintelligent gambler that he is, long since lost. Then Hindenburg enjoys the affection of multitudes of ex-soldiers because he was one of the most humane of the German generals, one of the few who ever considered the human element in making military moves. Because of his personal uprightness and dignity he is popular with many German women. Hence his candidacy is formidable even though there is talk of his being knifed by Stresemann's industrialist followers. That the old Field Marshal's election would have a most unfavorable effect upon world opinion will not affect the voting; Germany has too often since the war sought in vain to placate Allied opinion. Hindenburg's election would, of course, be a victory for monarchism and reinforce the monarchist drift in Germany; on the other hand, his age and his inexperience in matters civil and political would militate against his making trouble, and the German president has far less power and influence than the President of the United States.

MAY SOLDIERS EXPRESS OPINIONS? we asked in our issue of March 25 in commenting on the arrest of Private Walter M. Trumbull and others in Schofield Barracks, Honolulu. We said then that soldiers should be no more restricted in political expression or activity than other government employees. Since then a court martial has pronounced atrocious sentences upon two of these men. The dispatches report that other charges were laid against them besides the letter sent to the Honolulu *Advertiser* which we reproduced in our issue of March 25—two weeks before the daily newspapers awoke to the case—but they all hinged on the communist sympathies of the soldiers. Private Paul M. Crouch and Private Trumbull were convicted of organizing a secret society in violation of Hawaiian territorial law, and of making statements derogatory to the President and to the American flag in a letter written to Russian communists commenting on Japanese and Filipino labor conditions in Hawaii. Crouch was charged with saying that he favored "overthrowing the United States Government by peaceful means if possible; if not, by any other means, including revolution."

THE ONLY UNDISPUTED FACTS in this silly affair are the letter to the Honolulu *Advertiser* and that to the Third International. The personal conversation reported by an army intelligence officer, a spy who had wormed himself into the confidence of the men by pretending to agree with them, may well be disregarded. When soldiers stop cursing the government the army will have lost its morale. The young men were injudicious, but the true perspective on their offense can best be obtained by considering what would have happened had they tried to found a Republican or Democratic club among their fellows. They were convicted not because they engaged in political activities but because it was politics of a kind with which the heads of the army do not agree; and for this crime Crouch was sentenced to forty years and Trumbull to twenty-six years of hard labor! Even the not too liberal New York *Times* calls such punishment "incredible," remarking further:

> Of course men holding and trying to spread such opinions are highly undesirable members of the United States army, but they could not have been dangerous enough to warrant treatment only less drastic than what is given to murderers or to deserters in the face of the enemy. They were not at all likely to have made much progress with their crazy propaganda, and it might have been wise to regard them as ridiculous rather than deeply criminal.

Word from Washington indicates that army officers there feel apologetic about such criminal sentences and are prepared to reduce them. The sentences ought to be commuted entirely and the men set free.

MICHAEL AND CATHERINE KAROLYI have sailed home from free Canada and the newspapers of the United States have printed in display type on their front pages all the things which the Karolyis wanted to say while in the United States. If Mr. Hughes or some underling in the State Department, stupidly zealous for the good name of Hungarian royalists, had not sealed Count Karolyi's lips as a condition of his coming to his sick wife's bedside, some of the newspapers might have printed a stickful of his thoughts on the seventh page, but what he thought of Hungary would

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never have been first-page news. Suppression made it news. It is red-blooded human nature to want to hear anything which anyone wants to suppress. When the New York *World* and the district attorney started out to censor certain plays, rows of seats that had been empty were immediately packed with eager audiences. When army officers sentence a Communist private to forty years in prison they give his views an airing which they could never otherwise have received. Because the State Department issued its edict that Karolyi could not be heard in the United States every enterprising newspaper in the country sent a reporter with Karolyi to Canada; and the day after he crossed the border the telegraph-wires hummed with bootlegged news.

OIL IS BUBBLING. The long Mesopotamian squabble has been patched up with an agreement giving four groups equal shares: the Anglo-Persian (which the British Government controls); the Royal Dutch Shell (also under British hegemony); the Standard Oil, with six other American companies; and sixty-five French companies, for control of which the British and American giants may still fight. Meanwhile, Harry Sinclair seems to have lost out twice: in Sakhalin to the Japanese, and in Persia to the Standard Oil allied with the British. In Mexico Doheny has sold the control of his Pan-American interests to the Standard Oil of Indiana, whose chairman was so conveniently missing at the time of the Wyoming trial. From El Paso comes a teasing dispatch reporting Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny stopping off for "a social visit" as guests of Albert B. Fall, formerly Secretary of the Interior. Scientists tell us that six quarts of oil will cover a square mile of the sea's surface; in these days one quart will cover several square miles of corrupt politics.

THE KU KLUX KLAN, it is often asserted, is a money-making organization which gets a great deal out of its members. But it gives them a good deal too—more, perhaps, than its officers would care to admit publicly. It would hardly do, for instance, to say officially that in certain regions it controls the courts and can give its members the benefits of an all-Klan judicial service. Some of the plain members can blurt out unofficially, however, advantages that cannot be expressed too formally. A Jewish merchant in New York City recently sent some goods to a dealer in Fort Worth, Texas. For some reason the goods were not acceptable and were returned. The New York man's lawyer threatened to sue, whereupon the attorney of the Texas dealer countered with a letter in which he said:

> We shall welcome a suit as our jurors are usually made up of brothers of the Klan and I am sure a Kike Jew wouldn't stand much show before a jury. I myself do not try cases in the justice court, confining myself alone to the court of appeals, supreme court, and federal court, but I would turn the matter over to some active young Klansman for his attention and when he has finished I am sure your Kike client will have a few dollars in costs to pay.

Decidedly the Klan offers its members substantial benefits.

NEW JERSEY'S LAW OF 1798 against unlawful assemblage, under which no trial ever took place until the enlightened year 1924, has been vindicated by the sentencing of Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, to six months in jail and the fining of seven other men $50 each. The facts in regard to this case were set forth in the editorial pages of *The Nation* last week; little further comment is called for other than to express again our dissent from the absurd and unreasonable action of the court and our belief that it will be reversed by higher tribunals. The actual lawbreaker was the chief of police of Paterson, who was wholly without authority to prohibit meetings in a privately owned hall. In fact, when he found that the American Civil Liberties Union meant business he gave up the attempt, but gratified his spleen by prosecuting its members. Then, too, as Mr. Baldwin said in a statement intended for the court when sentence was pronounced, but not permitted by the judge:

> What is really behind this case is, of course, the struggle between two classes in society—the working class and the employing class. This indictment would clearly never have been brought unless this assemblage had been held by the strikers to get their rights. I venture to say that the police would not even have interfered with the strike meetings had they been conducted by the A. F. of L. union with its powerful political and industrial backing; but because these strikers happen to belong to an independent union without affiliations elsewhere, and are chiefly aliens, they were easy to attack. Furthermore, the strike issue was aggravated by the red bogy of communism and revolution because the strike committee was assisted by a representative of the Workers Party from New York.

CANADA HAS BEEN PLACED in an anomalous position by a recent decision of the Privy Council in London. Certainly in no ordinary sense of the word is Canada a colony; yet long-accepted ideas of her dominion status have been upset by this legal interpretation. On January 20 the Privy Council, the highest court of appeal in the British Empire, declared unconstitutional a Canadian act of parliament which for seventeen years had provided a means of settling industrial disputes in Canada. The difficulty lies in the wording of the British North America Act which is the basis of Canada's constitution. One clause gives the Canadian Government power to pass such a law as the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act; while a second, safeguarding personal and provincial rights, invalidates the other. This had passed unnoticed by the lower courts. Now Canadians are asking whether the Dominion Parliament has the right to deal with civil and property rights of any kind. The situation is further complicated by the fact that Canada, unlike Australia, South Africa, and the Irish Free State, cannot change her own constitution, which owes its existence to an act of the British Parliament. Proposals to give Canada the right to amend her own charter, and also the right of interpretation, are being discussed in the Dominion Parliament, and have brought out opposition. Some see in such a change a dangerous limitation of the rights of the individual provinces, while others feel that it is severing a wise link with the Empire.

F. A. MACKENZIE, known as a journalist and lecturer on the horrors of prison life in Russia, has visited an American jail. In Houston, Texas, at the request of the Houston *Chronicle*, he visited the local county jail; and his impressions were printed in that newspaper. He found filth and vermin everywhere, with no opportunity for the most rudimentary personal cleanliness. He found men locked in steel cages open to observation on all sides night and day. He found raving lunatics of both sexes side by side with convicts, and men and boys awaiting trial caged with crim-

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inals and dope fiends. There are no occupations in the jail, no books, no yard for exercise. He says:

> I found a condition of things there so bad and the treatment of prisoners so inhuman that I am convinced the facts need only be placed clearly before the people of Houston to bring about immediate reform.

His faith is not wholly convincing. Similar conditions of indecent neglect and brutality exist in most of the jails in the United States—in the very towns where people gather to hear Mr. Mackenzie's stories of Russian horrors. It is easy to contemplate with complacent shudders the hardships of prisoners in Bolshevik Russia; it is easy to be a prison reformer at a distance. It is hard, however, to face filth and disease and cruelty and perversion in one's own community, due to one's own neglect and ignorance. Decent prison conditions are the product of a stable civilization, of vision and a faith in the slow processes of education and rebuilding. In an age of rapid change and prejudice and violence they are rare—in the United States as in Russia.

THOSE GOLD DUST TWINS of prosperity, Elbert H. Gary and Charles M. Schwab, are at it again. Once more they beam with confident prophecies of good times at hand and impending. They have been doing it very regularly—and the iron and steel and related industries continue to languish. Mr. Schwab reported the "biggest month we have had for two years"—and at the moment the news leaked out that two more of his furnaces were going out of blast. Mr. Gary admitted that profits were not as large as they might be—his corporation's last quarterly statement sent the stock market tumbling—but declared that the high rates for labor were responsible, specifically denying that he had any quarrel with high wages, yet excoriating the "painters, plasterers, bricklayers, and generally those connected with construction" who are now receiving "from $10 to $20 a day." Then Mr. Gary abandoned his serious tone and delivered himself of this:

> If the crops this year are as good as they now seem to me to promise; if we have no special session of Congress, and if when Congress does convene there seems to be a disposition to get together and to act together, considering only the best interests of the country; if our banks are reasonably conservative and keep the rates of interest where the volume permits—that is, reasonably low, as now seems possible; if we have no epidemic of any kind in business or otherwise; if, in short, we take advantage of the opportunities for actual success, development, and progress, I believe next fall and through next winter we will have no reason to be frightened at the future. If the business men will keep their heads, if they will keep cool and refuse to be stampeded, if they will utilize the resources which are offered to them, we will have success—big success—in this country.

Mr. Gary may soon find himself competing with Ring Lardner and Will Rogers for the title of America's greatest humorist.

WHEN THE NEW YORK POLICE arrested an ex-convict the other day in one of their lawless roundings-up of all suspects, this man declared indignantly that the police had no right to disturb him, for he was "going straight" and engaged in an absolutely legitimate vocation. When pressed for an explanation he said "bootlegging" as another might proudly reply "Shakespeare scholar" or "college professor" or "Presbyterian minister," and, so far as the report goes, the police seem to have released him. Why not? So many of them are similarly engaged, according to rumor, that they may well have had a fellow-feeling for him; if bootlegging has not become a perfectly respectable industry, what has? "Up in Yonkers," as Manhattanites say, bootlegging has become so standardized that an enterprising peddler has been going from house to house offering fine cognac at reduced prices as one might hawk about silk stockings or bananas or spring flowers. Unfortunately some supersensitive soul told the police, and the police—regretfully, we are sure—arrested him. Despite such setbacks, we remain firm in our belief that if the authorities continue to enforce the prohibition law with their present determination alcoholic drinks will soon be on sale at every newsstand and in every self-respecting shop.

WHEN MRS. HENRIETTA M. KING was married she lived on her husband's ranch in southern Texas in a blockhouse armed against bandits and hostile Indians. A few days ago she died at the age of 93 in a palatial "farm home" of concrete and marble. Her ranch is said to be the largest in the world—1,280,000 acres, bordering the Gulf of Mexico for a hundred miles. Her cattle are uncounted, her employees fill a small town which she owned, and their children go to schools which she founded and controlled. From the time of her husband's death many years ago she managed the ranch and made it a vast modern enterprise in cattle-raising and farming. She was almost unknown outside her self-contained little kingdom; she lived there the year round and centered her life in the direction of her farm and in the welfare of the people who lived and worked on it. She uttered no theories about the capacities of women; perhaps she had none. She simply inherited a job of large-scale administration, performed it with skill, made herself wealthy and powerful, grew old, and died.

JEAN DE RESZKE had been absent from the stage for twenty years and more when death claimed him, but to the end he was a name to conjure with, partly through the persistent rumor of his one-time supremacy as a lyric artist, partly through the multitude of pupils who spread his fame, if not his flawless singing, the world over. More than any other tenor he reigned supreme at our Metropolitan Opera House, though his New York career, beginning in 1891, lasted only until 1901, during which time he was twice away for an entire season. Compare Caruso's constant presence year by year from November, 1903, to the eve of Christmas, 1920. Some commentators of the period are less enthusiastic than others about de Reszké's voice—lifted from baritone to tenor range under the guidance of Giovanni Sbriglia a dozen years or so before de Reszké came to New York—but all unite in praise of the surpassing skill and taste with which it was employed and of the thoroughness and fineness of its possessor as an artist. A master of diction in French, in German, in Italian, "le beau Jean" was regarded by competent observers in this country as the ideal representative of Romeo, Faust, Raoul, John of Leyden, Vasco da Gama, Lohengrin, Walter von Stolzing, and even Tristan. It is matter for profound regret that his voice seems never to have been recorded. Records made of Caruso's voice at different periods of his career constitute an abiding and priceless exemplification of the art of one great singer. The art of Jean de Reszké has only the vivid words of those who heard and wrote to preserve it.

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The Inexorable Conflict

SENATOR BORAH returned to an old mutton in his recent Chicago speech which reads to us like the first of a well-planned series for a far-reaching purpose. He lamented with all his unusual powers the "gradual but certain destruction of the States and the centering of all governmental activities at Washington." "In this irresponsible vandalism," he continued, "the disciples of Hamilton and the disciples of Jefferson join hands. No political party in Washington seems willing to stand against the subtle revolution, against this un-American, undemocratic program." We are building up, he declares, "the most expensive, the most burdensome, the most inefficient, and the most arbitrary form of government which thus far has ever been permitted to torture the human family. Every conceivable thing relating to human activity is being given over to bureaus administered from Washington."

Well, as the vernacular has it, that is "going some." Critical as we are of our own government, we had thought we had heard of other governments still worse. There was a Bomba once, and there was the Austria of Hapsburg days, and there is Communist Russia, and Mussolini's Italy. We were even under the impression that some forms of American activity had not come under bureaucratic control. If we are mistaken in this, it must be because the revolution has been too subtle for us. The fact is that Americans are in this matter, as in so many others, face to face with an inexorable conflict, perhaps an insoluble problem. Theoretically most of us would like to return with Senator Borah to the early days of the Republic with its decentralization of power. We no more care for the extension of bureaucratic government in Washington than does he. But he overlooks, it seems to us, the fact that we are not face to face here with a deliberate governmental tendency or the result of an organized effort to apply Hamiltonian principles to the form and structure of our government. This situation does not arise from what Mr. Borah calls a "cowardly surrender of power" to "a few hundred men." It goes far deeper than that. We are being borne along on irresistible economic currents, by economic forces and problems that were not dreamed of when the Republic was founded, and by the fact that the government is more and more compelled to intervene to protect the people from the selfish rapacity or the monopolistic tendencies of the powerful business interests of the day.

If Mr. Borah or anyone else can show us how the curbing or controlling of these forces can take place in any other way than through the federal government we shall be the first to acclaim him as the greatest man in the country today. Take, for example, conditions in the steel and iron industry. Nobody can deny the fact that Mr. Gary holds that industry in the hollow of his hand; if we recollect correctly, he has himself admitted it. Every independent iron and steel plant in this country exists today by grace of Elbert Gary. Now, if he or some successor of his should exercise his power, destroy all the independents, and thus become the only factor in the steel and iron industry, it is obvious that in self-defense the government of the United States would have to control and supervise the industry to a far greater extent today than the Federal Trade Commission is yet authorized to do. The railroads brought federal control on themselves. In other fields the greed and selfishness of some business men and the inability to get forty-eight State governments to work together have already compelled the United States Government to move in the direction which Mr. Borah regrets so much. Yet should anyone urge the abolition of the Children's Bureau, or the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Federal Trade Commission, there would be an overwhelming and justified outcry against the proposal. The attempt to obtain a federal child-labor law (the defeat of which should bring cheer to Senator Borah's heart) was compelled by the fact that it was impossible to get the individual States to move rapidly against what is an intolerable industrial evil. If the movement for this amendment represents what Edwin L. Godkin once called "an unforeseen tendency of democracy," it is because conditions have arisen which the founders of our government could not have imagined. No other way out than to turn the matter over to the federal government has seemed possible to those most familiar with child-labor conditions.

At one point we are, of course, in accord with Senator Borah, and that is when he says that the supreme need of the hour is "the intelligent application of the machinery and the principles of government which we have." Mr. Godkin stated the same thing in a different way prior to 1898: "That large communities can be successfully administered by inferior men is a doctrine which runs directly counter not only to the experience of the race, but to the order appointed for the advance of civilization." Curiously enough, by his support of Calvin Coolidge Senator Borah has done his best to fasten upon us a government of inferior men who are indifferent to or ignorant of our principles of government, who seek only government by and for business—which again merely invites or demands government interference.

Henrietta Spills the Beans

IF HENRIETTA PERKINS had denounced the R. O. T. C. unit at Boston University, if she had called it a menace to peace or a breeding-ground of hate, she might not have been noticed at all. But Henrietta's weapons were more deadly; she laughed. Well, perhaps she jeered a bit, too. And when she had done laughing and jeering, college militarism ordered out all its reserves and declared a defensive war against Miss Perkins.

Her offense was this: As managing editor (and the only woman editor) of the college comic weekly, the *Beanpot*, she issued a number devoted to the glories of the Boston University R. O. T. C. She displayed in this number all the most seditious and dangerous qualities that a human being can have; she was, in fact, youthful and irreverent and humorous and intelligent. She did not attack the R. O. T. C.; she exploded it. The dean immediately demanded her resignation from the staff of the paper and suggested that action might be taken to remove her bodily from the college. He suppressed the issue of the *Beanpot* and managed to recall several copies. In the process of saving the university from Henrietta he wrote letters and gave interviews and made statements amounting to several thousand dollars' worth of useful publicity for the *Beanpot*. The jokes were reprinted in the Boston press, the drawings were reproduced, and Miss Perkins was widely quoted. She resigned from the *Beanpot* (only one of her colleagues had

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the vigor and conviction to resign with her) and immediately found herself the center of both a free-speech and an anti-militarist fight. The college newspaper printed letters supporting her; individuals and organizations outside the college sent congratulations and encouragement. Henrietta Perkins seems to have been rather astonished at the stir her misbehavior made; she did not know, perhaps, how many gods and generals and aldermen and institutions have been blown to pieces by a little high-explosive laughter.

In her editorial in the offending issue of the *Beanpot*, Miss Perkins quoted from Paul Blanshard's recent article in *The Nation* on military training in the colleges. Her own words of comment were few but frivolous; and they more than implied that Boston University receives from the government $5.98 for every man in the R. O. T. C. (two years of military training are required for graduation from the college of business administration). The humor in the issue was perhaps less pointed but even more ruffling to military dignity.

The Rover Boys were discussing patriotism and military drill; in walked Captain Strong, who had been peeping through the transom:

> "In exactly five minutes by my timepiece," he announced, "there will be a lecture on Protecting Our Foreign Markets With Poison Gas, by Major Dumb. This lecture will be purely voluntary, but"—and here his brow was wrinkled with something like a frown—"every one hundred per cent American boy will be there or I'll know the reason why." So saying, he resumed his former position at the transom.
>
> "Oh, goody, goody," cried Tom, just jumping up and down in his excitement. "Hurrah for poison gas! I hope he'll give us some to play with after class."

Sample questions are offered from R. O. T. C. examinations:

> What rank did General Grant hold?
>
> Was Alexander the Great?
>
> Who shot Cock Robin?
>
> What nations fought in the Russian-Japanese war?
>
> State briefly your opinion of second lieutenants. You are limited to 898,375 words.
>
> What was the date of the War of 1812?
>
> What was the name of the "War of the Roses"?
>
> If you can answer the above questions with a grade above ½ of 1 per cent you have sufficient intelligence to be a second lieutenant in the R. O. T. C.

Casual and impertinent comment is sprinkled through the issue:

> The mother who didn't raise her boy to be a soldier carries out her original intention by having him join the R. O. T. C.
>
> You get thirty cents a day for the privilege of belonging to the R. O. T. C. And you feel like thirty cents too.

As satire, this is good college humor. But it is effective and encouraging. In all the colleges a spirit of good-humored rebellion seems to be growing up to take the place of apathy or occasional indignation. The remarks of the Northwestern University daily and of the Georgia University students, quoted in *The Nation* of April 8, exhibit this same light-hearted but clear-cut preference for active intelligence over empty pretensions and noisy ignorance. If humor can join hands with a spirit of rebellion the battle will be won. Militarists and fundamentalists and boosters exist only when they are respected.

The Perfect Censor

WE have heard it said that the only problem which censorship affords is the problem of finding the perfect censor. We believe that he, or rather she, has at last been found. Her name is Mary Boyce Temple, and her talents are at present finding an insufficient employment presiding over the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Knoxville, Tennessee. Her general state of mind is, however, so obviously that necessary to the incumbent of the as yet non-existing cabinet office of Censor General that the position should be created to fit her. The threatened visit to her native city of a theatrical company playing Mr. Maugham's "Rain" found her quick to sense the impending danger and, after assuring a reporter of the Knoxville *News* that she had never either seen or read the play and that it was somewhat confused in her mind with the film version of "Three Weeks," she issued the following statement. It seems to us to present more clearly the philosophy of censorship than we have ever seen it presented before, and to reveal with remarkable clarity the psychology of the censor:

> We do not fear the effect which such a play would have on us [said Miss Temple]. We of the D. A. R. and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have had the advantages of education and travel and have been prepared for such things. Such a play would not injure us; it would only disgust us.
>
> But there are other women who have not had these advantages, and there are the young people who are inexperienced in the problems of life. It is for their benefit and protection that we seek to prevent the showing of such plays in Knoxville.
>
> Such a play would not injure me, but I have seen the world. Nobody knows the world better than I. No woman has had greater educational advantages, has been more in social life, or has traveled more than I. I am able to judge of the temptations that come to the young and the inexperienced.
>
> It is the duty of us to protect those who have not had our advantages.
>
> We have a great commiseration for the artists who must appear in such plays for their living, but we hope by raising the moral tone of a community to enable them to work in something higher.

We have always feared that the censors themselves might be corrupted by the material from which it is their duty to protect others. Miss Temple, it appears, was able to know by a sort of intuition that "Rain" was dangerous without even reading it; besides, if she should be compelled to see for herself she is, as she tells us, so cultured and so experienced that nothing in the world, known or unknown, can hurt her.

Snobbishness, arrogance, and a perpetual consciousness that he is not, thank God, as other men have always been the distinguishing traits of the born censor. Surely no one ever had these qualities to a higher degree than Miss Temple. She is the perfect censor. She has the additional advantage of coming from a State which is beginning to rival Kansas in moral legislation. Tennessee has a State university so pure or so cowardly that when the governor signed the anti-evolution bill not one professor dared protest. From such a center, radiating "not light but rather darkness visible," the super-censor might well be expected.

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Why Herriot Fell

HERRIOT lost the premiership of France, first, because he told the truth, and second, because he told it too late. Whoever his successor, he will have to continue substantially Herriot's policies. Even if France, unable to agree upon a new Ministry, were forced to an election; even if at that election the supporters of Poincaré and Millerand should carry the day, they would be forced to continue the policy of disagreeable realities followed stumblingly by Edouard Herriot. For the truth has been blurted out, and with the truth set free the policy of Poincaré, based on a lie, is impossible.

Poincaré ruined France upon the assumption that Germany was a gold mine from which the Allies, if sufficiently earnest and determined, could dig reparations sufficient to cover all their needs. All the pre-Herriot governments made up their budgets upon the theory that Germany could pay the vast sums contemplated in the hectic days of Versailles. They made no real effort to balance their budgets; they left, with no effort to cover it, a great hole labeled "dépenses récouvrables"—expenses to be recovered from Germany. The inflated costs of rebuilding northern France were charged to this account; and it was assumed that God and the Germans would somehow contrive to repay them. Clemenceau, Millerand, Briand, Poincaré would listen to no discussion of Germany's ability to pay; "Germany ought to pay and will pay," they reiterated with the insistence of a parrot. The franc sank in value abroad, but at home the French people still had confidence in their Government; and the successive governments took advantage of their trust and sold to them short-term domestic loans which of course proceeded to depreciate in value.

Finally Poincaré dared the wild experiment of the Ruhr, carrying his logic to its fatal end. "If the Germans will not give us their gold," he said, "we will go and take it." So he sent his armies marching over the Rhine, and seized the Ruhr, the mineral heart of Germany. Instead of more reparations he got less—and added expenses to boot. There was no gold to be seized. It was thrilling, it was emotionally satisfying at the start—but as the days dragged on, as the costs mounted and the factories stood idle, the adventure lost its charm. The French people, wearied of military glory, turned against Poincaré's bloc at the elections of May, 1924, and Herriot rode into office.

Herriot made the occupation of the Ruhr "invisible" and put an end to the constant petty interferences with German life. He wanted to clear out entirely, but he did not dare. His whole term in office was a tragedy of good intentions. He wanted to pursue a policy of open friendliness with Germany and with Russia—but he feared that it might mean a fall from office at the outset of his term. He wanted to face the financial facts, honestly to balance the budget, to force adequate taxation; but he did not dare. When he finally blurted out the fatal truth on his last day in office he was able to prove that his opponents were responsible for the disastrous financial situation of his country; but they were able to make the effective reply: "A month ago you told us lies; you admit it now; why should we trust you today?"

Such a reply, of course, was mere political invective. It hurt Herriot; but it did not affect the ruinous facts upon which his policy was based. The short-term notes are falling due, and they create a financial emergency which any government must face.

There are, theoretically, three possible ways of facing it: by inflation of the currency, by new loans, or by heavier taxation.

The currency was inflated steadily for four years after the armistice. Inexorably the franc lost in value as the ruinous tide of paper money rose, and no party in France would defend a policy of further inflation today. Herriot inflated secretly to meet some of the short-term obligations which he inherited from his predecessors, and it was that very fact which left him in a morally untenable position.

Nor is the policy of loans still possible. When the French peasant still trusted Poincaré's assertions that Germany would pay he was willing to trust his savings to a Government that, apart from that pledge, was bankrupt; but today, facing the bitter reality of an impoverished Germany squeezing itself to pay relatively small sums to an impoverished France, he prefers to confide his savings to his trusty woolen stocking.

More taxes, then—that is always a bitter pill to swallow. France has had an easy habit of indirect taxation; her rich men reluctantly accepted the income-tax law, and have never made their returns with anything like Anglo-Saxon honesty. Herriot proposed a capital levy. The very words shocked France. Herriot himself was frightened to hear himself utter them, and invented the phrase "voluntary contribution" as a substitute. His opponents seized their moment, and defeated him on a vote of confidence in the Senate.

But more taxes must come—and something which, whether it bear the name or not, includes the reality of a capital levy. A high income tax is in effect a capital levy; and wherever the franc loses in value, capital suffers a levy; for the value of property declines. And if the capitalists of France defeat the awe-inspiring proposal of a levy frankly so called, they will have to resign themselves to suffer the loss without the words. So Herriot's fall only means that another man will try what he set out to do.

Finance is not France's only trouble, however, and if Herriot had had only that battle to fight he might have weathered the present crisis. Before finance came to the foreground he was engaged in a bitter war over the religious issue. Herriot is a secularist. He put an end to the French Embassy at the Vatican and took steps toward "assimilating" Alsace and Lorraine to the rest of France—which would mean separating church and state there, forcing the priests and nuns out of the schools and abolishing religious instruction, confiscating some of the church property, and cutting off state support of the clergy. That policy aroused a tremendous Catholic agitation not only in Alsace but throughout France, culminating in the extraordinary manifesto of the cardinals and archbishops which we print in this week's International Relations Section. If appealed to on this issue France would hardly fail to respond with a secularist majority. Combine the religious question, however, with that of the capital levy, and the issue is doubtful. Religion and finance paired are a dangerous team.

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France's "Best Minds"

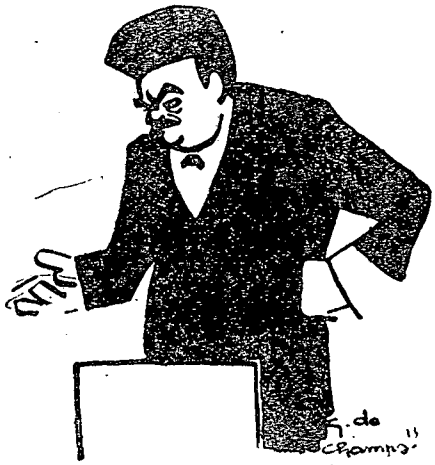
(Drawings from *l'Ere nouvelle*, *l'Humanité*, and *l'Europe nouvelle*.)

Leon Blum, leader of the Socialists, who insists on a capital levy.

Etienne Clementel, who resigned as Minister of Finance after saying the right thing at the wrong time.

Aristide Briand, seven times Prime Minister of France, who hopes for an eighth term.

Alexandre Millerand, whom Herriot forced to resign the presidency, has just been elected to the senate.



Edouard Herriot, whose liberal ministry fell when it faced France's bankruptcy.

M. François-Albert, Minister of Public Instruction, who got his prime minister into trouble.

And in the background of the affair is Poincaré, and his expensive adventure into the Ruhr, where he hoped to collect money but found the cupboard bare.

Louis Loucheur, who refused to be Herriot's Minister of Finance because he thought Briand a better bet.

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Canada Turns Against Prohibition

By RICHARD DE BRISAY

IT is no longer possible for either Americans or Canadians to refer complacently to their "three thousand miles of undefended boundary over which not a shot has been fired for a hundred years." The Volstead Act has transformed that peaceful boundary into the firing-line of the great war of prohibition, and is changing it from a source of mutual congratulation into one of international dispute.

Prohibition in the United States is so closely affected by the liquor situation in Canada that it is impossible for Americans to leave their Northern neighbor out of consideration in any discussion of the subject. On the future of prohibition in Canada largely depends the comparative success or failure of the Volstead Act, in the Northern States of the Union at least, so that the possibilities of Canada going dry in the Volsteadian sense or becoming the most productive source of liquor supply to the Union must be of keen interest to all Americans, dry, wet, and soggy.

There has always been a close relation between the prohibition movements in the two countries. It was from the United States that the first prohibition act was imported into Canada; the province of New Brunswick, which borders on the State of Maine, emulated its progressive neighbor in 1855, and although its adaptation of the Maine law was neither popular nor long-lived, the rapid growth of temperance sentiment was evidenced by a bill modeled on the Maine act which passed the House of Assembly in the same year and would have become law over all Canada but for the action of the Upper House, which, true to its inherited Tory traditions, has consistently obstructed every bill of the kind to this day.

The impression made on the rude and somewhat unsophisticated population of those early days was deep if not lasting; by 1878 prohibitionist opinion was strong enough to produce the Canada Temperance Act, since known as the Scott Act, which enabled any city or county adopting it to enforce strict prohibition within its limits. Like most forms of local option, it was far from an unqualified success, and even as friendly a critic as Professor Goldwin Smith declared that its effect was "the substitution of an unlicensed and unregulated for a licensed and regulated trade." That he voiced a widely held conviction is evidenced by the fact that while sixty-two places were under the act in 1887, only thirty retained it in 1892.

Prohibitionist sentiment, however, was still very strong, and in 1898 a Liberal Government that owed its election largely to the temperance vote held a nation-wide plebiscite on the question of a federal prohibitive act. The drys won; but Quebec was solidly opposed to the measure, and the majority in its favor was so slight that Sir Wilfrid Laurier excused himself from attempting to put into force any federal act. With the unprecedented prosperity that marked the opening of the new century there developed an increase of drinking that stirred the dry forces to further activity, and by 1910 the majority of the rural districts in the East were under local option; the question of prohibitive legislation was a most lively topic in all the provincial legislatures with the exception of Quebec, whose Catholic temper has never been attuned to it. In 1915 Manitoba led the way toward temperance with a provincial act that banished the bar but permitted liquor in the home; Saskatchewan, after a trial of the North Carolina system which had been highly profitable to the Government but obnoxious to the prohibitionist electorate, by a majority of seven to one, abolished the scheme in 1916 in favor of bone-dry prohibition; Alberta went dry in the same year by five to three; in 1917 British Columbia adopted, by a narrow majority, a measure patterned on the Manitoba act, and in the same year the Maritime Provinces recorded on their statute books their official conversion to prohibition.

In Ontario and Quebec, the most populous and sophisticated provinces in the Dominion, the history of prohibition has naturally been rather different from that of the rest of the country. In Ontario the struggle toward prohibition was long and bitter, and it is probable that it would have failed but for the old puritanical streak in the provincial character that has in it something in common with the New England conscience. By 1913, 502 of the 835 municipalities of the province were under the local-option act, and when the war came the lusty patriotism of the citizens insured a ready response to a plea for prohibition on patriotic grounds. Tories and Liberals combined in a great effort that bore fruit in an adaptation of the Manitoba act in 1917. Even in Quebec the patriotic appeal all but sufficed to put prohibition on the statute-book, and in 1918 a law was passed decreeing that the province should go dry in 1919 for the duration of the war; but the unexpected cessation of hostilities provided an excuse for another referendum, and the wets won a notable victory that resulted in the easy form of government control that is still in force—apparently to the complete satisfaction of the population and many visitors from climes less moist.

But although prohibition was now in force in all the provinces except Quebec, no federal act prohibiting manufacture and inter-provincial trade had yet been passed; and as under the constitution no province had control over either of these activities it was not to be expected that the protagonists of prohibition would be content to let matters rest. In 1918, as a result of prolonged pressure, the Federal Government passed an Order in Council which prohibited the inter-provincial traffic and also the manufacture of liquor throughout the Dominion. This was only a temporary measure, and a bill was introduced into Parliament to make it valid; but when the bill reached the upper house the Senators proved true as steel to their Tory shibboleths and the result was a deadlock. In substitution for the obnoxious measure the elder statesmen permitted a federal act to pass which empowered every province to prohibit the importation of liquor into its territory. Under this act all the provinces, with the exception of British Columbia and, of course, Quebec, voted themselves bone-dry during the years 1920-21. It was a formal victory that the vested interests and their champions in the Senate could well afford; for the right to manufacture liquor was retained and the Volstead Act had insured a foreign market of unlimited possibilities to the distillers, who entered upon

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an era of remarkable prosperity. Federal prohibition, that fond conception of temperance sentiment, was still-born when it came.

The history of the various provinces under prohibition, and especially of those which still retain it, has paralleled that of the United States. During the first year or two of its operation the prosperous members of the community who had filled their cellars before the inter-provincial trade was abolished were well content with the new institution, and heartily supported their prohibitionist fellow-citizens in a strong campaign to enforce the temperance acts. Naturally, there was a good deal of bootlegging; but it was unorganized and hazardous, and there was a general, if unfounded, conviction that it would decrease as time went on. The unfortunate classes that had not been in a position to lay in large stocks of their favorite beverages discovered the potentialities of home-brew and native wine, which they were legally entitled to indulge in, and for a while the social surface was placid and serene. But in time it became apparent that instead of the consumption of liquor decreasing the tendency was rather the other way.

The bootlegger, from being regarded as a pariah and a parasite, began to assume the semblance of a public benefactor as hoarded stocks ran low, with the result that the less reputable members of his fraternity were rapidly ousted by those with the sagacity to realize the possibilities of their trade, provided they established a reputation for honest goods and fair dealing with their clientele.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the dry regime in Canada has been this rapid growth of the bootlegging industry into a recognized and well-organized trade. Spirits, and beer as well, could be bought from distilleries and breweries, shipped by water and rail to foreign points, and then diverted and distributed to the fast-growing home markets. Travelers have been regularly supplied on transcontinental trains by porters who could lay in their stores at either end of their run. In most hotels an authorized bootlegger has had the monopoly, and in the cities many premises licensed to sell 2 per cent beer have regularly dispensed at twenty cents a glass ales of a considerably richer quality. Scotch has become scarce, and those who favor it have found that they can get better stuff when in New York at $5.50 a bottle than they can obtain at home for $8; but the ordinary citizen now has little difficulty in maintaining a supply of passable rye at $7 a bottle. The quality of bootleg whiskey has reached a comparatively high standard, and of twenty-three random samples recently analyzed in Toronto none was found to be unfit for consumption.

Under these circumstances the distilleries and breweries have flourished like green-bay trees; they run no risk, sell for cash, do not have to deliver, and have no bad debts. Beer sells at the brewery door for three times the price paid for it in pre-war days; and allowing for an increase in cost of perhaps 50 per cent there is still a singularly handsome return on the capital invested. The whiskey export trade has boomed, and the country of Mexico has become as rich an El Dorado for Canadian distillers as it ever was for the *conquistadores* of Cortez. Innumerable carloads of mellow rye at $120 a case roll out of distillery sidings with the freight prepaid to that bright country of the South, and the uncanny and malevolent coincidence of circumstances which diverts most carloads from their goal does not appear to discourage the Mexican buyers, who repeat their orders with dogged pertinacity.

In the border cities that are happily situated on the Great Lakes the "Boats for Cuba" have become so integral a feature of the civic life that they are no longer pointed out to visitors as being of peculiar interest. These inconspicuous craft are freighted with precious liquid cargoes and take clearance papers for West Indian ports with a monotonous regularity that is only equaled by the consistent and miraculous speed with which they now make that once arduous voyage.

It would seem from recent events that Canadians had grown weary of a system which, once its first novelty was dissipated, satisfied nobody but bootleggers, liquor manufacturers, and the favored outside few who drew dividends from breweries and distilleries. Prohibition acts had been given a trial, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the provincial governments they had not proved a success. Much bad feeling was caused by the acts of government agents, many of whom were of a moral caliber that brought their service into disrepute; there had been shooting affrays in the various provinces that had resulted in loss of life; and the net result of it all seemed to be that the wicked prospered at the expense of the public good. Champions of bone-dry legislation still pointed to federal prohibition as the panacea for all these ills; but the reports that came from the United States made Canadians skeptical of its value as a purifying force.

There has naturally followed a reaction that is evidenced by the definite abandonment of prohibition in the past year on the part of the four Western provinces. British Columbia now has a law under which all liquors are sold by the Government, in sealed containers, to be consumed in private dwellings; Manitoba has a similar act in force; so has Saskatchewan; and Alberta has even gone so far as to permit the sale of beer in licensed premises as well as permitting all liquors to be consumed in the home. Quebec has consistently adhered to its system of government control, which permits beers and wines to be sold in a limited number of licensed premises and allows the free sale of liquor at government depots; this has swelled the provincial revenues without apparently increasing crime or debauching the morals of its people. The Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island have allowed their prohibitory laws to remain on the statute-books; but as nobody has ever attempted to enforce them, the easy-going inhabitants probably feel that it is hardly worth while to make another change—change being a thing that their conservative souls abhor.

Ontario is the last stronghold of prohibition, and in that province it is probable that some time will elapse before a change is made to government control, although there is strong feeling in its favor. The puritan trait in the provincial character is responsible for the tenacity with which the prohibitionist forces are fighting, doggedly and with some success, against any backsliding; but that trait is only strong among the rural inhabitants; in the towns it seems to have been overlaid by the sophistication that is inherent in urban life. In the plebiscite taken last October to determine whether the Ontario Temperance Act should be retained a clean split was shown between urban and rural opinion on the question. The drys won; but by a majority only one-tenth as large as that which indorsed the retention of the act in 1919, and the cities and towns were almost solidly wet in their vote. This split is a cause of some concern as it widens the breach that already existed between the

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farmers and the manufacturers and urban workers. In political representation there has always been a larger number of seats granted to the rural population, in proportion, than to urban electors, and as a result of the difference on the liquor question the Tory Government has now passed a redistribution bill that scraps nine dry seats and adds ten wet ones. Taken in conjunction with another recent bill which raised the strength of legalized beer from 2 to 4.4 per cent, this bodes ill for the drys in Ontario; but a stiff fight must be waged before victory is wrenched from their grasp, for their organization is almost perfect.

The increasing popularity of government control, under which the more obvious evils of the saloon and of public drunkenness are obviated, is regarded by the prohibitionists with alarm, and a change of tactics to combat this new danger is to be expected. From a recent conversation with the Rev. Ben Spence, the indefatigable general of the dry forces, I gather that in future they will stress their fundamental belief that the moderate and consistent drinker is the real danger to the race rather than his weaker brother who periodically adorns the police courts in the morning hours; and that it matters not whether the daily dram of alcohol enters the human body in the guise of rum, wine, or beer, since the one result is that "the poison is always in the system" and will inevitably imperil the physical and mental health of unborn generations.

Can There Be a "Human Race"?

(The Sixth Article of the Series on The Nordic Myth)

By ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

IN the days when the social mind was aglow with the woman suffrage issue I often wondered which side I liked least: the *pro* arguments were boring, the *con* arguments stupid. Even so it is with the race issue today. The vociferations for race inequality are as stupid as those for race equality are boring; sides are taken on the basis of temperament and *Weltanschauung*, not of fact and logic. The "arguments" for and against are but thinly disguised rationalizations.

The only justification for this article is an honest intent to face realistically the situation as it confronts us today.

First, then: Who are the races whose fate it will be to share the world in the future? The North American Indian is out of the running. Fragments of the once virile and poetic stock still linger on in a state of degeneration and dejection. But their days are counted. In the words of the Iroquois sage: "Another generation and our customs and beliefs will be memory, still another generation and they will be forgotten." Will the Indian of South America fare any better? I doubt it. The mechanisms for dismembering the primitive civilization and devitalizing it bit by bit are too busily and powerfully at work.

The natives of Australia, here and there, have preserved enough of their age-long culture to feed endless anthropological controversies, but its life-blood has flowed out. Like the creeks of the Australian desert these cultures have lost their way in the hot sands, never to reach the ocean of world civilization. So it is with the once picturesque and voluptuous cultures of the islands of the South Seas. They have been weaned of the sea that conceived and nurtured them; descendants of the daring Argonauts of yesterday are happy to run the cars of rich Americans in Hawaii, while the ancestral cemeteries lie heavy with their human burden, dead "from lack of interest," to use the bitter words of the late Rivers. Civilization came to them like a thief in the night; it carried off their arts, their dreams, and their play. It took their freedom, killed their imagination, and gave them work. The children of nature were bored and—died.

The "white man's burden" has been lightened. Some of our charges, tortured even unto death by the grim tutelage, are no more.

But there are others. The Mongol of Central and Eastern Asia, the natives of India and Arabia of the South and the West, the Negro in Africa and America—these are not dead or dying. More prolific than ever, they seem, on the contrary, to be quickened with new spiritual energy. Henceforth they will be our historic comrades. Shall we accept them as team-mates, harnessed with us to the chariot of history, or shall we persist in forcing them to do the pulling while we wield the whip of race pride and domination—perhaps only to be ourselves driven some day?

Such is the issue, and the choice still lies with us.

We are wary and suspicious. Perhaps this is as it should be. When one is about to choose one's team-mates for the historic journey, it may be well to remember the fable of the swan, the lobster, and the fish, who once agreed to pull a chariot together. When the time came to begin the swan soared toward the sky, the fish made for the nearest stream, while the lobster beat a retreat.

What have they done, then, in the past—the Mongol, the Indian, the Arab, the Negro—and what may they be expected to do in the future? And what have we done in comparison and what may we be expected to do?

One can not estimate achievements without standards, and standards are based on values. What, then, are the values of civilization least affected by time and place and circumstance? Art, craft, skill, imagination, play. Also, common sense, knowledge, wisdom, and creative thought. Also, kindliness, friendship, mercy, love, sincerity, self-restraint, honor, courage, social living together, peace. In the light of history, written and unwritten, tradition and lore, these basic values of humanity and civilization are common to us all. We have all recognized these values, and have lived by them; if some of us, at one time or another all of us, have also broken them, who is there to throw the first stone?

But we may go a step further: What contributions have these peoples made to the treasure-trove of human achievement?

Where does the Mongol stand? He has conceived and perfected a wonderful art, an art of color, form, movement, and spiritual depth, an art sired by the folk and brought forth by individual creators of singular freedom and originality. He has nurtured a philosophy of sublime common sense which comes nearer than any of its compeers to a purified intellectualized expression of the wisdom of life itself. He has, in ancient China, exalted the ideal of an educated man as the one best fitted to guide the young and

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steer the state in its arduous course. He knew and taught the art of meditation in the exercise of which man faces nature, life, and his own soul in a spirit of supreme earnestness and humility, unaffected by the currents of prevailing opinion, unmindful of the trivialities of fashion.

Where does the Indian stand? His is the field of family crafts in which skill and love are mated to produce a simple and craftsmanlike thing. His also is an architecture not all his own, nor as finished and harmonious as some, but highly elaborated, intricate, and impressive. In one of his great philosophies he has thought of *karma*, the law of cause and effect in life, which makes man, for once, the master of his fate. He stands alone among those who have wrestled with ultimates, in so far as he has dared to conceive of *nirvana*, non-existence, not as something to be feared or disguised by fictions but as something to be desired and welcomed, not a disaster but a culmination. He also has exhibited, in precept and act, the highest ideal of spirituality yet attained by man, a state of being in which the mind stands master over the body even to the threshold of annihilation.

And where does the Arab stand? In art he also is the peer of any. In his architecture intricate design and countless colors fuse in matchless decorative splendor. The Arab gave curves to the art of building whose haunting beauty will never fade. His is an architecture and an adornment breathing the life not of the spirit but of the flesh, with all its ardors, cruelties, and exaltations.

But the Arab did more. He bestowed upon mankind the delightful virtuosity of his mind, expressed in fable, proverb, fantastic tale, riddles, and intricate games. Nor may we forget the centuries when Europe, sorely in need of spiritual stimulation, fed upon Arabian poetry, wisdom, and philosophical inventiveness. As to religion, the Arab developed one great system which was not lower than the highest in sagacity, insight, and imaginative appeal.

And the Negro, how does he stand? Here some will be inclined to pause. A new and unfamiliar phase of history seems to lie before us. New colors, in men and things, strange and less congenial meanings, queer tunes and bewildering rhythms in song and dance and life and thought. But it is only the ignorant who will thus be inclined to pause. Nor is it necessary to take recourse to fantastic and puerile claims. For within the limit set him by past history the Negro has done well by civilization. He has learned to till the soil, to cultivate plants, breed cattle and tend herds; he has developed and elaborated varied industries, wood-carving and basketry, pottery and ivory sculpture. He shared with the natives of Peru and Yucatan the skill of smelting metals, and the bronze castings of Benin belong to the highest ranges of timeless art. Like others, he revels in song and dance, with their festive and ceremonial excrescences, but he stands alone among the "primitives" in the profusion of devices for producing musical sounds by blowing, percussion, and vibrant string. The principle of the sounding board was familiar to him, and he made the first timid advances toward orchestral synthesis. Science, of course, he did not have, but instead, a highly complex theology which, although negligible as an approximation to truth—what religion, Buddhism alone excepted, is not?—is yet admirable as a daring thrust into the realm of the unknown, inexplicable, and awful. The legal and political systems of the African Negro have a strangely modern flavor and—one might perhaps add—seem least attractive where they are most like our own. His elaborate court procedure includes the institution of witnesses, the business of his state is carried on by a bureaucracy of executive and exacting officials, and among his leaders in the arts of war and statecraft there are figures of truly "historic" proportions who would not look out of place in any of our own galleries of great personages.

Where, finally, do we stand? In art, religion, philosophy (apart from its scientific ingredients) we have done as well as some of the others but not better. In the art of social living we have put forward high-sounding claims, but what is the net result of our "progress" in terms of richness of life, human happiness, fairness of social relations? Democracy? Yes, but is it not, historically speaking, but a reaction against despotism and aristocracy grown insufferable? We have conceived it and set it going as an institution but with results so unsatisfactory to date as to be disheartening. Primitive kinship, oligarchy, autocracy, aristocracy have all worked better within their limits and ideals than does democracy. The most that can be said for it is that it may have a future. Surely our claim of superiority can not rest on this.

But there is another and firmer ground for the claim—science. In this one domain our historic record stands supreme. A tremendous accumulation of knowledge, theoretical and applied, consisting of objective data, classified and categorized, exact measurement, critical method, applications of these to the control of natural forces and to the mechanical aspects of social life, as in medicine, sanitation, industry, means of communication, and so on and on.

In order to see all this in a proper perspective it must, however, be remembered that these achievements are but of yesterday, that invention breeds invention, that the creative work is done by a few and that but a few pass it on and develop it further; that the vast majority are satisfied with a mere shell, the external results, and accept these passively, unreflectingly, like other traditional baggage; that, moreover, no new spiritual values are involved, no wondrous quality of the mind unknown elsewhere and in other cultures; and, finally, that science and all that goes with it can be taught, as is amply attested by the Japanese.

The spirituality of the Hindu, the humanity and rationality of the Chinese, the exuberance of the Arab, the colorfulness of the Negro could not strike root so readily in exotic soil.

The credentials are on the table. In this small company, at least, the unity of man in attested capacity cannot be disputed. Shall we accept them as equals—the Mongol, the Indian, the Arab, the Negro—as road-fellows in the adventure of history? Who knows? But who can doubt that we should?

Of all the crimes of the mind, optimism is the least invidious. Let us try to be optimistic, then, and trust that some day these races of today and tomorrow will find themselves in a position to accept human brotherhood as an accomplished fact. They will have mated freely, done commerce fairly, lived peacefully, created unselfishly. In a reminiscent moment they will have a good-natured laugh together over the Nordic myth and other human follies, and they might heave a regretful sigh over their brothers who perished by the roadside—the American Indian, the Australian, the South Sea Islander. What splendid fellows they would have made, to live with, to teach, yes—and to learn from!

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Poems

In the Beginning

(*Honorable Mention in* The Nation's *Poetry Contest*)

By ROBERT L. WOLF

This is how He made the snake:
With the brand new garden rake
First He raked the leaves away;
Then He spaded up the clay
With the brand new garden spade
(On the fifth day that was made),
And a sticky yellow lump
Like the new-made camel's hump
(Yonder, grazing—there it stands),
This he took between his hands,
Sat him down upon the grass,
While his sun made shadows pass.

Thought awhile and simply sat—
God has naught to hurry at—
Humming tunes for new-made psalms
Rolled the clay between his palms,
Rolled it smooth and slim and long
Pressing it between the strong
Rapid fingers—it became
Like a wriggling rope, the same
Length and thickness as an arm
While the horse inhaled alarm!

Lidless emeralds for eyes—
For a nose he dinted twice
With a yellowed finger-nail
The flat head; and for a tail
Lengthened to a furious whip
That thin body's other tip.
Pried the angry fangs apart,
Whispered poison to the heart,
Taught its native hiss to sound,
Flung the creature to the ground!

* * *

Having made the snake, there was
Only Adam in his place.
God was gone, and gone for good:
In his footprints Adam stood,
And the serpent slid away . . .
It was dark of the Sixth Day.

Morning Call

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Had Frank but bowed ashamed, his head in palms,
Elbows on knees, with eyes upon her rug,
And begged of Lady Monitress the alms
She, with a smile and shrug,

And deft arm on the pillowy divan,
Was tremulous with pleasure to bestow—
The alms of counsel to a sinful man,
The alms of eyes aglow
With gracious faith and bright assurances,
After his manhood's slip had got him down
(Since perilous to live from God it is
In any godly town)—

They still had been good neighbors, still exchanging
Roses for larkspur over the lilac hedge;
Her bow-legg'd spouse had still with him been ranging
For cress the water's edge . . .

She hates him . . . not because his rebel heart
Brought noise to town and bruise to him and blame:
He spoilt the cue; he balked her darling part . . .
Still standing up, though lame.

Magdalene

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

She told her pastor, for she lived alone
(The Ladies kept a blue-bronze vase of flowers
In his snug study at the church down-town
To brighten office-hours):

"We're much too poor to marry, Ted and me;
But one week-end—O God! Am I unclean? . . ."
"Tell *all*, my child" . . . She told . . . And (trembling) he
Mentioned the Magdalene.

"I have a daughter, dear; I understand."
And, rising, a rose he clips:
"This for your golden hair" . . . He pressed her hand
And kissed her frightened lips.

Piety Among the Peonies

(Zion, Illinois)

By WALTER F. KOHN

Peonies bloom in Zion.
Stalks rise high
where Piety walks among them,
ties them to tall sticks,
carefully picks
Satanic weeds—
quivers before this pale one, angel-white,
shudders before that darkening bud that bleeds.

Piety walks late.
The blossoms vie
for Piety with lavish fragrances
among whose drowsy passions she could drown . . .

But Piety walks calmly,
looks resolutely down,
and shuts their languid perfume from her heart . . .

(God loveth those whose spirits dwell apart.)

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Government by Bludgeon*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, April 4

A FRIEND of mine, whom I have often cited, declares that the honor of his family has been unstained for more than a hundred years with the exception of one member's record. That ancestor was once Governor of New York and a member of Congress. This jest has come to my mind more than once during my recent visits to Washington, for I have been struck repeatedly by the tendency of those in office to use the bludgeon wherever it suits their purpose. Government by reprisal, government by countercharge, government by hitting below the belt—these are all favorite pastimes, consciously or unconsciously, of men who are swollen or rendered arbitrary by their power. One wonders whether it will not soon be something to conceal that one ever had a relative in an administrative office.

What are the outstanding cases? Well, there is the case of Karolyi. The State Department cannot see that it was hitting below the belt when it muzzled a man who was frantic over the news of the possibly fatal illness of his wife. The former Harvard College dean who had charge of the case in the Department could not see that for a government official to insinuate that he had highly damaging material in his files about Count Karolyi and then to refuse to tell the Senate what those facts were was to conduct himself in a manner which would lead to expulsion from any gentleman's club—yet Mr. Castle used to have charge of the manners and morals of Harvard's undergraduates. But this is only one case in many. The case of Senator Wheeler has frequently been touched upon in these columns —how the first indictment was obtained by the cooperation of a member of the Republican National Committee and the Federal District Attorney. It ought not to have escaped the readers of *The Nation* that the second indictment was skilfully delayed until just *after* the adjournment of Congress so that there could be no further criticism of the Attorney General's procedure on the floor of the Senate. The readers of *The Nation* will also not have overlooked the fact that the date set for Senator Wheeler's trial in Montana is *exactly one year* after Senator Wheeler's earnest appeal to the Attorney General for an immediate trial of the charges against him.

Government by Reprisal is, of course, most clearly emphasized in the Couzens case. That need not be rehearsed here except to point out that it involved the right of a government official to compel the taxpayer to agree to the setting aside of the statute of limitations. Laws are enforced in Washington as they suit or do not suit the purposes of executive officers; witness Section 34 of the Jones Act in regard to our merchant shipping, passed in 1920, which directs and orders our Chief Executive to proceed to discriminate against foreign shipping by the denunciation of treaties—entirely ignored by both Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge. Also the Couzens case has placed the Treasury in this position: After laying down the rule in certain cases, involving certain corporations, that it would not go behind the acts of previous officials, it then deliberately reversed that policy in the case of Senator Couzens, whose tax levy of 1920 was approved in advance by the then Secretary of the Treasury and the Collector of Internal Revenue. Despite assertions of innocence I for one cannot believe that this action would ever have been taken against Senator Couzens had he, as the phrase goes, "stayed on the reservation" and been of the chorus of admirers of Secretary Mellon.

An interesting case of government abuse of power is that of Commissioner David J. Lewis of the Federal Tariff Commission, who was sent for by a certain high authority and asked whether in the case of his reappointment he would do certain things. Mr. Lewis, according to my information, refused. He was not reappointed to his commission, and therefore finds himself in private life, although there are no allegations whatsoever against him of improper behavior or infidelity to his duties while in office. Which in turn suggests the case of Vice-Chairman Culbertson of the same Tariff Commission. This bids fair to be a case of Government by Forcible Promotion. At least, for months past Mr. Culbertson has been enjoying a game alongside of which cross-word puzzles must lose their interest for him. He never knows, when he picks up a Washington morning or afternoon newspaper, what new ambassadorship he will next find himself a candidate for. I have seen him prominently mentioned for China, the Argentine, Czecho-Slovakia, and Berlin. In these rumors of what is going to happen to him Mr. Culbertson has of late been represented as being an active candidate for the diplomatic service. I have not met any of his friends who believe that he is. None the less, the pleasure of reading about his candidacy continues to be his, and one wonders for what post and for what remote quarter of the globe he will yet be named. It is, of course, merely a curious coincidence that Mr. Culbertson was credited in Washington with being especially interested in the sugar report of the Tariff Commission which has been pigeonholed in President Coolidge's desk for at least nine months. If I were President Coolidge with his views as to the sacred character of our tariffs I have no doubt that I should name Mr. Culbertson as Minister to Siam.

Government by Demotion and Expulsion from Washington is by no means unknown in the army and navy. The Mitchell case is fresh in the public mind. Does anyone doubt that if General Mitchell had "been good" and had refused to discuss the question of a unified air service he would today be happy in his reappointment as assistant chief of the Air Service? "Ordnung muss sind," Frederick the Great used to say in Prussian patois. It is the motto of army and navy chiefs everywhere, and so when two officers protested against the sale of the navy oil reserves to Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny they were promptly sent to sea for their pains—as a warning to others not to controvert in any way their naval superiors. These officers, who are Commander John F. Shafroth and Commander H. A. Stewart, are probably fortunate in getting off with a taste of salt water.

The case of a certain naval lieutenant who has just been fined $2,000 on a technicality is not in the same category.

* This is the last of four articles by Mr. Villard discussing current political problems in Washington.

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He was receiving an allowance for a dependent because of a dependent mother. If the information which has leaked out is correct, the Government maintained that he had erroneously received the $2,000 because his father was also living, though disabled and unable to contribute to anybody's support. The lieutenant was told that he must produce the $2,000 immediately. He finally succeeded in avoiding that, but a certain sum is being deducted from his pay monthly and he is thus driven into a corner.

So, too, are some of the recent cases of dismissal from the several government bureaus in Washington. One case I have heard of is that of an employee with only two or three months to serve before becoming eligible to retirement. Yet at an advanced age this servant of the government is turned adrift without means of support because of the need for economy, the necessity of making a display. Mr. Coolidge's economy policy has claimed some pitiful victims, and this is one reason why Calvin Coolidge is more bitterly disliked by the civil servants in Washington than any President in many years. His opposition to the bonus bill and to the original bill for the increase of postal salaries still rankles. That offsets his feeble endeavors to obtain fixed and reasonable rentals for the civil employees who live in Washington—the bill that was denounced by all the real-estate people in Washington as socialistic and confiscatory. More than that, the Washington departmental employees know what is going on about them. They know that the Mayflower is maintained in commission, without direct authority of Congress, as a yacht for the economical Calvin Coolidge, and that it costs the government so far as can be ascertained some hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to maintain this former Goelet yacht for the President's week-end parties. They have read in the newspapers about the $14,000,000 bridge to be built so that tourists may drive quickly from Arlington to the Lincoln Memorial, and then they listen solemnly to adjurations that their salaries cannot be further increased because the Government is too poor to do so. Have you who read this ever seen the groups of women who spend their lives counting the millions every day brought in for redemption at the poor Treasury? They suggest the pitiful man in "The Adding Machine," that Theater Guild play in which an elderly bank clerk goes crazy, or thinks that he does. These human adding machines, who do this brain-destroying work year in and year out and have their errors charged against their pay, draw —the best of them—the magnificent salary of $1,800 a year.

So one wonders here in Washington how in the world heart may be gotten into the government. I could fill pages with instance after instance of similar hardship. I have surely quoted cases enough to indicate the lack of kindliness and decent human consideration in this machine, and how inexcusable it is for those who have power to govern by force, by violence, by abuse. The service has in many respects improved in the last twenty-five years, particularly the scientific bureaus, which are doing work of enormous public value. But just as long as the right spirit is missing at the top we shall have the abuses I have portrayed. And just as long as the President and his secretaries and their subordinates think themselves above and beyond the laws and able to set them aside at will or to violate them as they please, and to use them for the expression of their own whims, it is idle to wonder why the prohibition laws are not obeyed, why the public defies other laws, and why we have crime waves.

In the Driftway

AS a rule the Drifter's colleagues are alert and thorough in covering the news. Occasionally, however, an item or even a whole paper escapes them, and when that happens the Drifter feels it his duty to make up for the omission. He has read many interesting things recently, of which none is more worth mentioning than the following:

> *Extract of a letter from Sunbury, Northumberland county (Pennsylvania).* One of the men who murdered the Indians at Pine Creek was tried on Saturday evening and though a number of witnesses clearly proved the hand he had in perpetrating the horrid deed, . . . yet, notwithstanding an express charge from the judges to bring him in guilty, the jury in a few moments returned with a verdict in his favor, and a subscription to pay the costs of the suit, that he might immediately be set at liberty. And all this from a most absurd idea, . . . **that the crime was not** the same to kill an Indian as a white man. . . .

The Drifter seems to remember seeing some similar idea expressed in print elsewhere, not about Indians but another race. He refers the item to the champions of white Nordic ascendancy for approval and support.

* * * * *

HE was struck by a report from Frederick-Town which he has not seen mention of either by his colleagues or any other journal:

> Late accounts from the Mississippi positively mention that the Spaniards have erected a fort at the Walnut-Hills, and garrisoned it with a considerable number of troops, and that they are determined to oppose the settlement intended to be made there by . . . a number of Kentuckians, under the auspices of the Georgians . . . and that this being the case, it was the general opinion that war with our neighbors must inevitably be the consequence.

He cites this as an admirable example of how simple it is to bring about a satisfactory war at a moment's notice. The following item is also a cause for war, but a subtle one and one that requires more effort:

> Run away from the subscriber this day a Negro man named Michael, or, as he calls himself, Michael Cox, aged about 30 years . . . can read and write, and does not want for a good share of understanding. . . . The abovenamed Negro took with him a variety of clothes, viz. one new dark cloth great-coat with large white metal buttons . . . and a number of other clothes, some elegant, but cannot be particularly described. Whoever secures or returns said Run-away to his Master, shall for him be entitled to Ten Dollars. . . . JOHN LLOYD
>
> *Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, State of New York.*

* * * * *

THERE have been, besides these news items, certain public notices that the Drifter feels should be brought before his readers. For example:

> INOCULATION
>
> The hospital in New Milford is now open for the reception of Patients, where every necessary is provided for the moderate price of Six Dollars and an half. . . . N. B. If any in Danbury would wish to receive the Small-Pox, they can agree with Messrs. Carrington and Mygatt for terms of payment.

And also:

> TO THE CURIOUS
>
> On Wednesday and Thursday evenings next, will be exhibited . . . by a gentleman from New York a number of curious and entertaining performances by the Slight

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of Hand, each being of a nature so surprising that they cannot fail of giving general satisfaction to the Spectators. At the same time will be exhibited a most surprising feat by cutting off a man's head and laying it a yard from his body . . . afterwards putting it on again and restoring him to life. The exhibition will begin at candle-lighting. Tickets may be had at the place of performance, price One Shilling.

* * * * *

THE Congress of the United States is always a subject for news. When the members speak, the result is often edifying and entertaining. When the President issues a proclamation, good citizens of the United States, among whom the Drifter hopes all his readers are counted, should listen with an attentive ear. The Congress does not speak, in the extract given below, but instead listens to a letter from the President of France:

> At last the hour of the French has arrived: we love to think that the citizens of the United States have not regarded with indifference our steps towards liberty. Twenty-six millions of men breaking their chains and seriously occupied in giving themselves a durable constitution are not unworthy the esteem of a generous people who have preceded them in that noble career. . . . May the common enjoyment of liberty shed itself over the whole globe, and become an indissoluble chain of connexion among all the people of the earth! . . .

And, finally, here is a portion of a proclamation from the President of the United States concerning the District of Columbia:

> . . . And the said four lines of experiment being so run, I do hereby declare and make known, That all that part within the said four lines of experiment . . . is now fixed upon and directed to be surveyed, defined, limited, and located for a part of the said district accepted by the said act of Congress for the permanent seat of the government of the United States. . . .
>
> GEORGE WASHINGTON
> THOMAS JEFFERSON

* * * * *

THE Drifter should perhaps not neglect to inform his readers that these interesting pieces of news were all taken by him from copies of the *Farmer's Journal*, a weekly paper published at Danbury, Connecticut, in the winter of 1790-1791.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Garden Cities of France

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Lewis Mumford's article entitled "Houses Sunnyside Up," in your issue for February 4, disclosed a singular lack of appreciation of the importance of the garden cities of France, the creation of the first of which, if my memory serves me rightly, coincided pretty closely with the opening of the present century. He asserts that "the only possible solution [of the housing problem] consists in surreptitiously supplementing the workers' wages through doles, subsidiaries, differential taxes, or government loans for housing below the market rates. All the European housing schemes use one or another of these dodges." This is flatly at variance with the facts.

I have under my hand an article condensed from one of the French reviews describing the manner in which the *twenty-third* of these French garden cities was founded and laid out and managed as far back as the summer of 1912; and its program embodied every admirable feature comprised by the plan of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and some others of which it is oblivious. The site of this city was originally the setting of a seventeenth-century French chateau with its appurtenances of outbuildings, cottages, park, gardens, conservatories, picture gallery, and so on; and its transformation into a city capable of housing two thousand persons was the self-imposed task of four hundred French workmen. These men purchased the entire Draveil estate, and after reserving the chateau and its immediate surroundings, including the best part of the park, for the use of the community, they divided the rest into building lots, care being taken in laying out the city to preserve as far as might be the natural features of the land, to give to each house a southern outlook so far as that could be achieved, and to see to it that nobody's back yard incommoded or annoyed the neighbors.

It is one of the calamities which attended the breakdown of our common civilization in the summer of 1914 that it put a stop to the erection of further garden cities in France—as elsewhere; but I believe that, in the devastated area of Picardy and Champagne and the Isle of France, the Bureau of Reconstruction is following out so much of the plan of Draveil and its older sister communities as it is possible to utilize, in the face of the situation, in the cities which are to be.

Berkeley, California, February 12 WILLIAM HIGGS

The Eskimo Dog

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For many years a constant reader of *The Nation*, I know well your disposition to do exact justice to man or beast. Therefore I venture to correct with certain knowledge a mistaken attribution of credit to the Eskimo dog in your issue of February 18. You attribute to this highly useful animal a "wonderful instinct for direction which man has had civilized out of him," thanks to which the antitoxin was carried through a terrific and blinding snow-storm to the sufferers at Nome.

The Eskimos and their dogs were my only companions during most of a year—and my daily companions for a whole year. That is long enough to get acquainted. And I am certain that you have given the dog more than his due.

Quite frankly, the dogs, with one exception, were my enemies on Little Diomede Island (in the middle of Bering Strait). It was my custom on every clear and calm day to follow the narrow strait which separates Little Diomede Island from Big Diomede Island to the open sea, where I could enjoy an unobstructed view of East Cape, Siberia, on the one side, and the point of Seaward Peninsula which is called Cape Prince of Wales, on the other.

For this peaceful pursuit I was invariably attacked in force by all the dogs on the island—except my one friend, and those in harness and under the master's lash—and with all the savagery of their near cousins, the wolf. I soon learned, however, that they are cowards at heart—and that a countercharge with a menacing stick was sufficient to disperse them.

But I, also, want to do full justice to either man or beast, and study them with a clear eye, unblinded by prejudice. So here is proof positive that you have done them more than justice.

The two Diomedes are three miles apart—but their respective villages are eight miles from each other. One time on my return from a visit to my Eskimo friends at Big Diomede I was overtaken, almost at the start, by a blinding snow-storm which completely obscured every landmark and destroyed every trace of a trail. Certainly I had uncomfortable visions of days of aimless wandering on the ice—and the rest of it—but neither the Eskimo owner of the team who went on foot ahead of the dogs nor the Eskimo girl who rode behind me on the sled showed the least disquietude. I found momentary comfort in the thought that they must have known of "the wonderful instinct for direction."

But directly I noticed that the Eskimo would from time to

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time change the course of the dogs. Noticing that the two Eskimos continued in cheerful mood, my next thought was that the instinct of direction resided in the Eskimos themselves, and since there is no civilization in their heredity this would have been the purport of this letter—had I not been enlightened.

I had the opportunity to tell this story at a dinner in Washington city when W. G. Lopp was also a guest. Mr. Lopp is given very just praise by Bruce Rogers in his article, Alaska: Our Returning Frontier, in this same number of *The Nation*. He consecrated his entire career to educational work among the Eskimos and Indians of Alaska. When I had finished, he said: "The explanation is entirely simple. The winds of Alaska follow their courses without deviation, according to the season. If a wind is blowing, a mature Eskimo can always find his way. He needs neither chart nor compass."

Then the musher's story referred to by the Drifter is easily interpreted. Note these words: "Then the trail turned so that the wind was with me. That boosted me along, so I made the twelve miles to Safety in eighty minutes." He had either learned from the Eskimos to steer by this wind, or, by a happy chance, the wind hit him squarely in the back and urged him on to the goal.

In sober truth, the dog is no more than a tool—which has been wrought out of the raw for human use by methods none too gentle. But the Eskimo deserves great credit for that mental capacity both to fashion the tool and to employ it effectively in the worst weather—and which neither school nor college has atrophied.

Constantine, Algeria, March 5 JAMES H. HAMILTON

America's Control of Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The other evening I listened to a lecture on America delivered by Mr. Emil Davies before a Fabian audience in London. In giving his impressions and depressions of "God's own country" the Fabian orator pointed out that the United States had loaned Europe 250 million pounds, approximately one and a quarter billion dollars. "What does this mean?" he asked, proceeding with the answer. "It means there will be no novels written in Europe except those palatable to the tastes of Americans. It means there will be no pictures painted except those desired by the American market. It means there will be no poetry written except for American consumption." He corrected the last, saying "poetry published," for he supposed nothing could really keep people from writing their own poetry.

One of the "blood hounds" of the capitalists, an American Y. M. C. A. secretary in Russia, gave me a more vivid picture of the influence of American capital in Europe. The Y secretary stated: "In future Europe will be merely a museum for the Americans; it is already so. See what our American dollars have done! Why, the most reactionary Communist grants that the American Relief saved Soviet Russia. Now we shall proceed to save a reactionary government in Germany. This will be to our advantage. We bandage their wounds, but we tie a string to the bandage." He went on in a strain which would do honor to an editor of the *Izvestia*. America would give aid and comfort to governments in Europe which it was to her advantage to establish, mind you, keeping a socialist government neighbor to a reactionary one as often as possible; and when Europe grew strong and threatened American commerce and prestige, all "God's own country" had to do was pull the string on the bandage and let Europe bleed. The Y. M. C. A. secretary thought it was all a wicked business, but it couldn't be helped.

At the core there appears much similarity between the two criticisms of American influence and exploitation in Europe. I believe also that the conduct of the Fabian Society during the war was somewhat the same as that of the Y. M. C. A. This is borne out by a statement made recently by Mr. Sidney Webb at a meeting of the Fabian Society when he reminded his audience that Fabians favored the war; they took up arms during the Great War because they were opposed to a "mad dog abroad." Who has not heard the clergy and members of the Y. M. C. A. dilate on the "mad dog" going "abroad"?

London, February 1 E. GERTRUDE BEASLEY

Genius in Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A kind friend in Munich recently relieved my nostalgia for *The Nation* by presenting me with a few back numbers. Sylvia Kopald's paper on the question of genius in women in your issue of December 10 leads me to commend to those interested Dr. Otto Rank's "Der Künstler." This is referred to by Havelock Ellis in his "The Dance of Life" and is a vital discussion of genius and its origin from a psychoanalytic point of view. It illumines particularly the apparent or real lack of creative ability in women. The book is published (at about seventy-five cents) by the Internationaler Psychoanalytischer Verlag, Leipzig, Hospitalstrasse 10.

Rome, February 20 ELSIE L. WENDT

Liquor Laws—and Others

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Respecting the flagrant disregard of some of the laws of our country it appears to us that the people would be more careful along that line were it not for the fact that they have such shining precedents. Let us note the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution for example. The flagrant disregard of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution is a precedent for the lamentable disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment. To fight against the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment (the amendment that millions of the people's money is being spent, in vain, to compel the people to respect and obey) and at the same time fail to spend a five-cent piece to enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution seems like a case of pot calling kettle black.

Washington, D. C., February 15 J. C. CUNNINGHAM

Contributors to This Issue

RICHARD DE BRISAY is general editor of the *Canadian Forum* of Toronto.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER, author of "Early Civilization," is a lecturer on anthropology at the New School of Social Research.

ROBERT L. WOLF is author of "After Disillusion" (1923), a volume of poems.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD, associate professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, is well known to readers of *The Nation* through his poetry.

RAYMOND HOLDEN is editor of *Travel* and author of "Granite and Alabaster" (1922).

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO, now teaching at Skidmore College, regularly reviews the current collections of short stories for *The Nation*.

JACOB ZEITLIN is associate professor of English at the University of Illinois.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL is a Chicago lawyer who has made an especial study of labor problems.

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Books and Plays

Firm Fruit

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

He says that he is changed and will not scatter
Back into sleep as lifted water does.
He says love makes mercurial the shoes
Of him who loves and so no pitfalls matter.
Thinking himself some god's yet mobile ghost
He shakes the tree which nothing like a child
Could cause to sway and, since it will not yield,
Thinks that he shook to hear the branches tossed.

This woman, like a tree, when he shall break
And cry injustice and be pitiful,
Shall be the taller, being beautiful
Beyond his life, his love, his words that shake
Her name, thinking to bring by uttered sound
Uncaptured fruit against the certain ground.

First Glance

"THE Story of Wilbur the Hat," by Hendrik Willem van Loon (Boni and Liveright: $3.50), might seem to the casual eye to be a harmless diversion on the part of him who wrote "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and various volumes on the history of Holland. Mr. Van Loon has never been so gay with his brush, or so lavish. Every other page of his book is splashed with color, and the print on the wide page opposite is easy to read because there is not much of it. But after a few preliminary skirmishes it becomes clear that Mr. Van Loon has some serious things to say, and that although he will laugh as he says them he will mean them.

The hero, a nice green ordinary hat from Boston, would please the Herr Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo, who in 1831, it is said, wrote a book on the Philosophy of Clothes. For to say that Wilbur had a nice green ordinary set of brains is to say that he had no brains at all—was clothes for a head, but was no head. Mr. Van Loon makes short work of him in this world. On the twelfth page he blows him "out of the picture"—out of space and time. By page fourteen Wilbur has lived 4856721985 years and has passed "the ultimate border of this universe." "At once he fell into a deep, dark pit. It was the tunnel which the grief of man, since time immemorial, has dug through the granite rocks of oblivion." Hundreds of years later he lands upon a lake where he is taken in charge by Cedric the Cricket, who henceforth explains to him the silly sights he sees in "that part of the world which does not exist."

The secret is soon out. Mr. Van Loon has invented a world where all things happen as they should. Ships in the clouds go sailing after dreams, and find them. Credit for ideas goes always to the earliest men who had them; Leonardo teaches the Wright brothers how to fly, Babylonians run the observatories, and an unknown Egyptian who discovered how to preserve speech is sole custodian of the earth's assembled books. A fellow with an idea and a goose-quill upsets planets. Stradivarius is known as the greatest of builders. Musicians and poets are admitted to be the most "constructive" of workers. Athens looks like paradise, Rome like a shambles, and Napoleon like a mosquito. Punch and Don Quixote are promised eternal life because they never existed. People who preferred on earth to do inferior things are permitted to go on doing inferior things—hunt with the crowd, look for gold at the foot of a rainbow, live in the black jail of ignorance, argue their own rightness from cold pinnacles of perfection, syllogize in labyrinths—without disturbing their betters. The end comes when Wilbur, being told that a certain sorrowful man on a lonely island is Jesus and that he has retreated there with a heart broken by the Great War, exclaims: "But why should He be so despondent? I am sure I always went to church." A shiver goes through the world where all things happen as they should, and Wilbur, blown home to the head of a Sophomore, lives happily ever after.

The book is very far from being another "Gulliver's Travels." Not that it needed to be that; but it might have been almost as convincing as that. Mr. Van Loon has been too sure of himself, too jaunty with error and too slapdash with truth, to produce anything better than a primer of idealism. As such "The Story of Wilbur the Hat" will serve to warn the youths who read it what they must not think and say. And in itself it promises pretty well for Mr. Van Loon's forthcoming history of human freedom.

MARK VAN DOREN

Short Stories the World Over

Prize Stories of 1924. Chosen by the O. Henry Memorial Award Committee. With an introduction by Blanche Colton Williams. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

Prize Stories of 1923. The same.

Centerville, U. S. A. By Charles Merz. The Century Company. $2.

Flying Osip. Edited with an introduction by Alexander Chramoff. International Publishers. $2.50.

Subsoil. By George Hummel. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Little Novels of Sicily. By Giovanni Verga. Translated by D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Five Tales. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Keene Wallis. Illustrated with woodcuts by Franz Masereel. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

Stories from the Dial. The Dial Press. $2.50.

The Best Short Stories of 1924. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

23 Stories. By Twenty and Three Authors. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

HERE in America we are growing preoccupied with the ulterior purpose and the ultimate character of the short story. As this medium approaches standardization we flee from the consideration of its dull ugliness to compensatory reflections on its psychic significance and subtle technique; we flatter ourselves that it is being utilized to probe deeper into our subconscious life and to disclose in flashes the hidden motives of this life. Now these anthologies and collections may be said to be representative of the short story as it is written the world over, yet in no way do they indicate intent on the part of the authors to use the short story in a particular manner or with a peculiar mission. Conscious art there is—in Verhaeren, in Hummel, and in some of the stories in the Dial volume—but no recognition of a special aesthetic formula or of a distinct social purpose that would distinguish the short story from any other writing. In America, to be sure, authors are conscious of a formula for the short story which will make it acceptable magazine material. This highly practical knowledge, gained from O. Henry, is now acquired in courses which teach the short story as business schools teach stenography.

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Among the potent influences perpetuating the O. Henry formula and the shoddy, machine-made Pollyanna plots which are its natural progeny have been the annual prize volumes published as "a monument to the master pharmacist of joy and pain." The stories in these collections recall the cheapest tricks, the slimmest anecdotes, the crudest workmanship of the hero's most obvious pot-boilers. And they contain nothing to suggest O. Henry the master—if master he ever was—or at least O. Henry the cynical spectator of the Four Million, the clever clown who knew the ways and weaknesses of man, the wit, the poet, and the ironical peeper into the urn of Fate. Six times has the O. Henry Committee given "comparatively permanent form," alas, to the discreditable elements in O. Henry. And four times have I protested against thus perpetuating these wooden and unreal characters, these mechanically snappy plots, this obscene optimism.

It must be conceded that the latest volume is a great improvement on its predecessors; that, though failure is still unrecognized as a phenomenon possible in American life, the invariably happy endings presented here are less offensive than usual in their unreality; and that these successful fables indicate some pride of workmanship. The 1923 volume, on the other hand, is indubitably the worst of the series; for it embodies in addition to all the venial errors I have outlined the mortal sin of militant jingoism. The spirit of jingoism rampant, whether of race or of nation or of home, is the common denominator of these stories. The key to the Committee's attitude is given by the chairman in connection with a certain tale wherein a storm, sudden and terrible, is created by the author to wash a hole in the side of a mountain where the hero is inextricably caught. "Mather's escape," explains Miss Williams, "is not so much the ingenious end to a clever plot as it is the logical end of just such a situation in real life, provided the chief actor be American and not Russian. The fighter may escape, the weakling dies. If the ideal of a people be annihilation, death the easy surrender either to indifference or to a divine nostalgia, just so surely literature will reflect that ideal. Not before America as a nation embraces pessimism will its literature be affected seriously by the literature of pessimism." I might multiply the instances in which a made-to-order philosophy endeavors desperately to excuse the obvious degeneracy of our short stories, for Miss Williams has not yet reached the state of mind that characterizes the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post;* she is not quite such a solid and awful incarnation of the public; therefore she labors to justify the transgressions of her authors.

I do not think that Mr. Merz is a proselyte to this religion, yet I find in most of his work the malleable characters, the trick endings—in short, that absence of inner verity which is peculiar to the work of the worshipers. Mr. Merz must not be underrated. He is a man of perception who knows and appreciates what he is trying to portray; he does not hesitate to deal with folly and failure as well as with sagacity and success; he is not afraid of tragedy and futility; he is capable of criticism and ironic mirth; and, finally, in Parson Todd and Myron Daw he achieves literature. His mistake, as I see it, is to believe that the patterns he perceives as an artist must be made to resemble the conventional designs understood and applauded by the mob.

The Russian authors of "Flying Osip" escape conformity although they are writing of and to the lowest order of literacy. The extreme variations in method found here indicate a refusal to accept a popular formula as an artistic medium. One sees with relief that there is no attempt at the well-made story and that, while crude workmanship is not affected, there is a conscious preference for spontaneous and individual rather than for polished and standardized work. These are tales of New Russia, the Russia of war, famine, and revolution, written by men who favor the new order; but there is no propaganda, no idealization, and, with one unfortunate exception, no sentimentalizing. Hunger, by S. Semenov, is unquestionably the finest story in the volume, stronger in its poignant portrayal of starvation than even Knut Hamsun's book. The other truly great story is Vyacheslav Shishkov's hilarious comedy, A Theatrical Performance in the Hamlet of Ogryzovo. It is notable that, although the authors are concerned with the pain and struggle of revolution and its effects on individual lives, there is such gusto and humor in their work as Russia has not known since the early days of Chekhov.

Mr. Hummel has much in common with these writers, but he is both more somber and more intent on nonconformity; the marked militancy of his nonconformity somewhat mars one of the best American books of the year. For the slight artificiality that one may find in his chronicles of village life is due to this straining for unusual effects—unusual only in the striking way they present reality. Life is less melodramatic than the inhabitants of Norwold find it; it is less likely to have a beginning, a middle, and an end; it is also less concerned with proving a special point. The yellow subsoil which splashes over the dark brown earth that the farmer turns up with the plow is no more yeast-like than the surface dirt; it is different in color, not in ferment. Mr. Hummel reveals the exact shade of this subsoil, but he gives it too much activity. Yet this activity is not the empty agitation which passes for human action in the plots of the O. Henry collections. Without actual pleading, the author presents a thesis in almost every story; he indicates the maladjustment and the abnormality—especially on the sexual side—which result from the inhibitions of a New England community. And while he has not altogether assimilated these themes in his art, he has skilfully and effectively given them expression.

This highest achievement in literary art which Mr. Hummel had within reach is actually attained by both Verga and Verhaeren, though in utterly different ways. Verga is still the relentless reporter of peasant life who wrote "Cavalleria Rusticana," but the center of his interest has shifted from incidents and characters to customs and conceptions. Local color is the essence of his work, not its decoration; the atmosphere of actuality which he creates through the use of homely small-talk and petty occurrences, popular proverbs and communal activities is never disturbed by false emphasis or unnatural unfolding of plot; and this meticulous realism goes along with splendid story-telling. The amazing force—owing in large measure to Mr. Lawrence's felicitous translation—with which these tales propel the imagination into a new and stirring world and the unostentatious ease with which the fulness of this world is revealed to the reader constitute art.

One reads the stories of Verga without feeling the author; one can be equally absorbed in the stories of Verhaeren yet thoroughly aware of the writer. Like Rubens, Verhaeren expresses the depths of Flemish character by putting on the rich dress of formalism, thus casting his stories into a mold as pliant as an antique cloth. The effect of such sophisticated writing is to create an atmosphere of mystical somberness which will either jar on the reader or attune him more perfectly to beauty. But the mysticism of Verhaeren must not be misunderstood; it is relieved from sentimentalism by an ironic tone and from absurdity by a complete understanding of reality. The expressionistic style of these stories simply indicates, just as Masereel's illustrations indicate, that the artist has found an appropriate body for the grotesque spirit of life.

And such is also the unifying as well as the distinguishing element in the volume called "Stories from the Dial"—this lawful wedlock of thematic material and illustrative incident. The thesis and plot, the world and the word are one, incorporate and indivisible, whether that be an attack on middle-class vulgarity as in Thomas Mann's Tristan or an apotheosis of domesticity as in Conrad Aiken's Dark City. There are some less than great stories in the book—Padraic Colum and D. H. Lawrence are not at their best, and Aleksei Remisov exploits a sentimental Russian mood that is as rare in life as it is commonplace in recent literature—but each testifies to the

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largeness of the artist's vision, the honesty of his aesthetic expression, and the mastery of his treatment. If this seem high praise but vague, I suggest that the reader compare The Porch, by Constance Mayfield Rourke in this book, with Nice Neighbors, by Mary S. Watts in the 1923 O. Henry volume. One is honest art, and one is dishonest magazine fiction.

For there is honest magazine fiction as well as honest art, and both Mr. O'Brien's volume and "23 Stories" contain such fiction. The first is honest in workmanship, conception, and detail; it is a gallery of fine and faithful portraits of American life. Nevertheless it is impossible to grow enthusiastic about these stories because, the tales of Messrs. Finger, Hughes, and Shiffrin excepted, they show no sign of creative fervor. Ghosts and goblins, Oriental passion and Occidental violence, mysterious deeds, haunted houses, and all the other elements that draw us from the too, too real world into the sanguinary and thrilling realm of superstition are exploited. Yet this make-believe is offered under no false pretenses; the reader knows it is a game. Sometimes, as in W. W. Jacobs's The Monkey's Paw, the game is engrossing enough to wipe out all consciousness of the natural scheme of things; sometimes, as in The Crucifixion of an Outcast by W. B. Yeats, the game is but an allegory for rational action; sometimes, as in John Masefield's glorious Davy Jones's Gift, it is pure poetry. On the whole the stories do not have for me the interest that is to be found in the tales which more truly approximate human experience, but I prefer them infinitely to the perversions crowned by our Academy.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Morley and Burke

John, Viscount Morley. An Appreciation and Some Reminiscences. By John H. Morgan. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

Edmund Burke. A Historical Study. By John Morley. Alfred A. Knopf. $10.

IF there is one principle which Morley whole-heartedly agrees with in Burke's political creed it is that in practical government expediency is superior to considerations of abstract right. This belief may seem strange in the author of the celebrated essay on "Compromise," where the duty of living in strict compliance with one's inner convictions is vigorously maintained. But Morley would have denied that there was any inconsistency in the two views, for he held that public morality and private morality were two distinct things. He was too thorough and acute a student of history not to realize how much the conscience of the individual had to be repressed in the face of special circumstances and pressing demands for action. He wrote about Machiavelli and Robespierre without horror, he showed considerable impatience with the carping critics of Disraeli, whom he regarded as a great statesman, and even in the career of the *preux chevalier* of English politics, his own heroic Gladstone, he found matter to confirm him in his notion. His own public life naturally did not diminish in him the force of this conviction. In his conduct of the India Office he even manifested a kind of pride in authority and decisiveness. Yet scruples of honor were never long absent, and his resignation on the outbreak of the Great War was in obedience to the dictation of honor fully as much as on account of his distaste for the war itself, the consequences of which he anticipated with remarkable prescience. The conversations which General Morgan reports on this subject reveal the realist in Morley at his astutest. At the outset he was imbued with a well-grounded distrust of the aims of Russia and of the effects of a victory upon her despotic regime. Toward the end he watched the peace negotiations (they *were* negotiations between the allies) with great misgiving and was horrified at the suggestion of a guaranty to France against an "unprovoked attack" by Germany, knowing how flexible and accommodating such phrases are in the hands of statesmen. He went as far as any cynic in flouting the idea of universal peace, and for Wilson as the apostle of the doctrine he expressed the most scornful contempt. He refused so much as to cast a glance at the Covenant of the League of Nations: "It's not worth the paper it's written on. To the end of time it'll always be a case of 'Thy head or my head.' I've no faith in these schemes." Something in these remarks we would fain ascribe to the irritability of old age or to passing distemper, for it is not pleasant to find a generous-minded laborer for the improvement of political conditions dismissing with such asperity and impatience a proposal which has in it the palpable seeds of a future growth.

There are other interesting conversations reproduced in General Morgan's book. Some of them are on politics, some on literature—two worlds in which Lord Morley moved with almost equal ease. As early as 1914 he remarked about Ramsay MacDonald that he had a "front-bench mind." Another prophecy, which he made in 1921, is not likely to be completely fulfilled, but is nevertheless proof of the old man's understanding of the current of English politics. "I foresee the day," he said, "when Birkenhead will be Prime Minister in the Lords with Winston (Churchill) leading in the Commons. They will make a formidable pair." But the most amusing anecdote is one which brings into the light an amiable weakness of Lord Morley's, his ambition to be regarded as a man of affairs rather than a man of letters. In reply to a casual question from Thomas Hardy as to what he had been reading, he replied loftily: "I never read anything." "He seemed," said Hardy, "to draw an invisible ermine about him as though he were a sporting peer who never read anything but the *Pink 'Un.*"

General Morgan writes as an intimate friend and a warm admirer of Lord Morley, but by no means as an undiscriminating one. If some of the chapters published during Morley's lifetime received the latter's approval, it was not because they were lacking in judicious criticism but because they embodied an intelligent appreciation of his life's work. General Morgan has views of his own on most subjects and knows how to set them down in forcible English. We are made to regret that the provisions of Morley's will make a formal biography impossible, for General Morgan is equipped to produce one of marked excellence and interest.

"Edmund Burke" is a beautiful issue in chaste and elegant type of an early work of John Morley which has not been reprinted since its original publication in 1867. The reason for its neglect can only be the existence of Lord Morley's biographical study of Burke in the English Men of Letters Series, though the two scarcely overlap. The analysis of Burke's statesmanship and political wisdom seems to have interested the young writer primarily as an occasion for proclaiming his own creed on political and administrative questions. Morley, the high-minded, public-spirited, and sagacious radical, knows how to value Burke, the high-minded, public-spirited, and sagacious conservative. His views on the interrelation of the various elements of the British constitution, on problems of empire as they came up in connection with America, Ireland, and India, on the forces set working by the French Revolution in European society, are in temper like those of Burke, though in substance they sometimes differ. Like Burke's they possess the enduring validity which belongs to all views that are grounded on fundamental considerations derived from unbiased study of facts, even when they are the views of a Machiavelli. By comparing the acts of Lord Morley in Parliament and as Home Secretary in several Liberal ministries for Ireland and for India with the utterances of this essay, one may learn how far it is possible for an able and conscientious public servant to square his official conduct with his theoretical beliefs. But regarded merely as an example of political writing, this book in the loftiness and acumen of its thought and the dignity and massiveness of its style is a worthy example of the best English traditions as represented by Hooker, by Milton, and by Burke himself.

JACOB ZEITLIN

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The Human Problems of Industry

The Causes of Industrial Unrest. By John A. Fitch. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IF anyone in this country is capable of writing a satisfactory book on the causes of industrial unrest, it is Mr. Fitch. He has the prerequisite understanding of economic forces and of the operation of our productive machinery; he grasps the significance of the labor movement; he realizes that unionism performs an essential function in an industrial society. Most important of all, however, Mr. Fitch is one of those rare economists who sees industry in terms of human beings, and who sees industrial unrest as in the last analysis but the spiritual discontent of his fellow-men. Without this comprehension his learning, his wide experience, and his earnestness would be futile; with it he has, in his most recent book, again proved himself to be a mighty force in the slow, arduous task of solving the human problems of industry.

According to Mr. Fitch's analysis there are two principal sources of industrial unrest: unrest due to unsatisfactory economic conditions and unrest arising from the industrial struggle itself. His treatment of unsatisfactory economic conditions—hours, income, hazards—adds nothing not previously available. Mr. Fitch's real contribution appears when he deals with what he calls "the militant aspect of industrial relations." He has been on the scene of almost every great and important strike in nearly twenty years, and in this book he has given us the mature product of that extraordinary experience.

Beginning with the proposition that the opposition to unionism which dominates employer policy is itself a potent source of industrial unrest, Mr. Fitch proceeds to describe with thoroughness and sophistication the various methods of fighting unionism which the ingenuity of anti-union employers has devised: indirect methods—company unions, welfare work, profit-sharing, pensions; direct methods—intimidation and discharge, "yellow-dog" contracts, the spy system, the company town. The whole has been enlivened with actual incidents: the steel strike of 1919, the *agent provocateur* activities of the "Sherman Service," the dynamite campaign of the structural iron workers, the battles of Paterson, Lawrence, Bayonne, Homestead, and other bloody encounters. Through these graphic pages from his personal note-book his entire discussion is given that concreteness and that touch of reality without which the labor struggle cannot possibly be understood.

A considerable portion of Mr. Fitch's book is devoted to the relation of the government to the various manifestations of industrial unrest: the policing of strikes and the private guard abuse, the activities of legislatures, and finally the courts. It is significant that about one-fifth of his book is devoted to the legal rights of unions, to the injunction in industrial disputes, and to the attitude of labor toward the courts—topics which a decade or two ago would have been given relatively little attention by a lay student of labor problems.

Mr. Fitch believes that industrial unrest is based not on "ill will, but ignorance." Consequently he devotes little attention to specifics or "solution[s] of the labor problem." In his mind there is no "formula for industrial peace unless it be the formula of open discussion, free speech, tolerance for unpopular views, and an attitude of welcome toward new ideas. Through such a formula the way toward a better day in industry may be found. Whatever solutions to the riddle there may be, it is not likely that any of them will be discovered, still less the best one chosen, in anything but an atmosphere of freedom of thought and patient inquiry." Mr. Fitch's book is a permanent contribution to that "patient investigation and calm interpretation" upon which he rightly says we must rely for the adjustment of these vexed problems.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

More Jane Austen

Sanditon: Fragment of a Novel Written by Jane Austen. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

ADMIRERS of Jane Austen are always pleased when a new letter or a new fragment appears bearing her name, partly because every word of hers is cherished by them, and partly because they have a plausible excuse for reading again their favorites among the immortal six. The result of the latter trick is that they are never disappointed by anything that appears, because, rereading the whole, they are still convinced that Miss Austen is all they formerly thought her. They will deal kindly with this last bit, which Mr. Austen-Leigh mentioned in his "Memoir" but which is now presented in its entirety for the first time. The last date on the manuscript is March 18, 1817, four months before Jane Austen's death, and several months after her last illness had begun to manifest itself. Not only therefore was it the last thing which engaged her, but she was occupied with it when in poor health; she let it lie finally when it must have been evident to her, if not yet to her anxious family, that she was very ill indeed. It is perhaps a sixth of a novel, printed just as it was written, without paragraphing or much punctuation, and with certain insecurities of spelling that were laughed at in "Love and Freindship"—Miss Austen never, apparently, could keep straight her *ei's* and *ie's*. What changes she would have made it is impossible to say; what lessening of spirit her illness caused is equally problematical. The fact remains that this beginning is less sound, less sure, less pointed than an equivalent amount of any of the finished novels.

Miss Austen had always a love for caricature; her success at burlesque ran away with her more than once, as witness Mrs. Elton in "Emma" or Mrs. Norris in "Mansfield Park" or even Mrs. Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice"; these ladies are done in the blackest ink possible; their meanness, their selfishness, their stupidity would make them quite incredible if they were not in the company of certain other obviously flesh-and-blood persons who bestow on them a sort of reality by taking note of them. In "Sanditon" Miss Austen has been so lavish with her caricature that there is not much solid substance left. And what there is is almost too familiar. Here is an excellent opportunity to see how her stage was set, for there is just about time, in the few chapters of "Sanditon," to see the characters assembling, to hear them speak their first few lines, to watch them take up their positions and begin the play. And one is a little chagrinned to find an old story. There is the Lady Catherine de Bourgh of "Pride and Prejudice," called by a new name; there is the sensible family of the heroine as in "Northanger Abbey," only they are Heywoods now instead of Morlands; there is the indigent niece of the great lady, the silly, kind-hearted, voluble man, the silent, spiritless wife. The only really new note is that of the two sisters who spend their enormous energy in experimenting with every patent remedy of the market for every imaginable ill. They have long since despaired of help from the medical profession. Six leeches a day relieved Miss Susan so little that she decided to have three teeth drawn and then "fainted twice this morning on poor Arthur's trying to suppress a cough." These promise real sport; the others are like old friends out of place.

It is true that this is but a beginning. Yet the first dozen chapters of "Mansfield Park," or "Emma," or "Persuasion" bite into their subject as few full-length novels do. They set up not a string of puppets but a full-fleshed village, loving, hating, back-biting, weeping, abused and abusing, speaking sensibly or foolishly. Alongside the incomparable beginning of "Pride and Prejudice," that group done with wit and truth from the very first word, "Sanditon" seems poor indeed. It will never win anyone to Jane Austen; but anyone who has already been won will be in no way shaken by it.

DOROTHY GRAFFE

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Books in Brief

The History of the Temple, London. By J. Bruce Williamson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $8.

A faithfully documented account, beginning with the Knights of the Temple in the time of the Crusades and ending with the Stuart reign, of the institution in London which most puzzles an American today. Its fascinating home, between Fleet Street and the Thames, is thoroughly explored and explained; and the story of how the lawyers succeeded the knights is told fully yet clearly in long chapters bulging with first-hand data.

Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden. Edited with introduction and notes by R. F. Patterson. London: Blackie and Son. 7/6.

This will be the standard edition of the invaluable notes taken down by Drummond from Jonson's talk when he visited Hawthornden late in 1618, after his famous three months' walk from London.

Richard Harding Davis: A Bibliography. By Henry Cole Quinby. E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.

Doubtless the completest record that will ever be made of the literary activities of this likable war correspondent and story-teller. Considering the transitoriness of most if not all of Davis's work, one finds the late Mr. Quinby's thoroughness in reference and cross-reference even a little painful.

Master Walter Map's Book. De Nugis Curialium (*Courtier's Trifles*). Englished by Frederick Tupper and Marbury Bladen Ogle. The Macmillan Company. $6.

A spirited version in sumptuous form of a twelfth-century classic which has long awaited such handling. Students of medieval wisdom and superstition will welcome the witty Welshman in this dress, and historians of British fiction will find indispensable a volume in which some of the best of stories are brilliantly if ornately told.

Milton's Poems: 1645. Type-Facsimile. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

A beautiful counterfeit, as perfect as the most competent of modern presses can make it, of the first edition of a volume famous in literary history. The Latin poems are included, and the frontispiece, missing from some copies of the original book, is excellently reproduced.

Celebrities of Our Time. By Herman Bernstein. Joseph Lawren. $3.

What distinguishes these interviews is the fact that Mr. Bernstein approaches his celebrities as an intellectual equal. Moreover, he is in all cases thoroughly informed on the subjects he discusses. With Tolstoi he discusses Henry George, the Single Tax, the Jewish question, religion, and decadence in literature; with Andreyev, whose translator he is, life in Russia; with Sheikh-ul-Islam, emancipation of women, Zionism, and Turkey as a field for American capital; with Rodin, the mission of art and its future. It is easy to see why the great figures of every land have, under his skilful questioning, given fully their opinions on the questions peculiar to them but of universal interest.

Drama

Mountain Morals

MR. HATCHER HUGHES, author of "Hell Bent fer Heaven," has been able to make important contributions to the study of the American backwoodsman because he has managed to escape the condescension of those who go poking about in search of local color and who think that they have found out all they need to know when they have discovered

THEATRE

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LENORE ULRIC in "THE HAREM," supported by William Courtenay — Belasco, W. 44th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

"LADIES OF THE EVENING" — Lyceum, W. 45th St. Eves. at 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

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something quaint in speech or culture. If he has spent much time among the Southern mountains and has entered as deeply as he could into the lives of their inhabitants it has not been, I fancy, because he was searching for amusing peculiarities which he might expose for the entertainment of more sophisticated persons, but because there was something in the character of these people, the most primitive in America, which drew him to them. Human beings are never merely museum pieces; to attempt to study them as such is of necessity to fail of all understanding except that little which condescension can give, and the mere local-colorist becomes the more unbearably condescending the more tolerant and kindly he becomes in his depiction of interesting peculiarities. Mr. Hughes is a good deal more than tolerant, and it is because of this fact that he is able to go below the surface.

In "Ruint" (Provincetown Theater) he returns to the scene of his former success and it is easy, in this as in the former play, to see the source of that sympathy which has enabled him to understand. The rough code of the mountains, Christian only in thin veneer and resting upon a sturdy belief in the duty of every man to look out for himself in the salutary struggle for the survival of the fittest rather than upon any mystical or sentimental virtues, appeals to him more strongly than the gentler creeds which are at least professed by more sophisticated communities; and this fact supplies him with his initial respect. His interest is founded upon something solid, upon an admiration for the qualities in which his people excel, and he is able to picture them without condescension because, so far as fundamental things are concerned, no condescension is felt. In both of his plays dealing with this region, the moral code of the characters, sympathetically interpreted, has furnished a firm background for the drama and there has been the implication, clear though but little intruded, that it is not they but we who have much to learn when our civilizations are confronted. When, for example, in the present piece the man from New York attempts to placate his captors by telling them that he bears them no ill-will and loves everybody, they reply that he is the biggest fool ever seen in those parts; and it is evident that there is, to the author, something more than a mere dramatic appropriateness in the retort.

As a play "Ruint" is much slighter than "Hell Bent fer Heaven." The plot dealing with the rough justice meted out to a generally pestiferous stranger who has tampered, though less seriously than was supposed, with the affections of a native girl, is a little thin and hardly sufficient to fill four acts; but the general atmosphere is extraordinarily convincing and the character-drawing of the mountaineers extremely fine, although the stranger from the city is made unnecessarily feeble and empty. Above all, the dialogue upon which the claims of the play chiefly rest is nearly perfect. As one who is himself somewhat familiar with the people to whom it is attributed I can vouch for its authenticity and for the fact that its racy vigor and concrete poetry are the result not of any literary elaboration but of faithful reproduction. Caroline Newcomb and J. K. Applebee give fine performances in subsidiary roles and Jeannie Begg is good as the girl in question. The rest of the company are not more than reasonably competent.

At the Neighborhood Playhouse are being presented "The Legend of the Dance" and "Sooner and Later," two dance-entertainments of rich and elaborate beauty, distinguished, among other things, by the very sprightly dancing of Anne Schmidt and the highly successful use of the new clavilux, or color organ.

Miss Lula Vollmer's "The Dunce Boy" (Daly's Theater), dealing with an idiot who plays God's fool in a primitive community, comes to grief through an attempt to mingle realism with romantic sentiment. "Ostriches" (Comedy Theater) is a thin comedy in which Janet Beecher and Amelia Bingham are appearing. It does not succeed in being very convincing or very amusing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRE

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International Relations Section

The Religious War in France

HERRIOT fell as Prime Minister of France in a debate upon financial policies. But most of the long attack upon him which culminated in this financial debate centered around the issue of secularization. At the outset of his term Herriot incurred the resentment of the powerful Catholic groups in France by announcing his intention to do away with the Embassy at the Vatican, which, abolished by Briand in 1905, had been reestablished by Briand in 1921. When Herriot finally came to action, he compromised: he did not entirely break off diplomatic relations, but retained a chargé d'affaires at the Vatican, ostensibly to follow Alsatian affairs only. But the Alsace question led him into further quarrels.

Alsace is still in the main a Catholic country. It lives under the regime of the Napoleonic Concordat and of the Loi Falloux, passed in 1850 and retained by the Germans. The schools are religious schools, often with priests and nuns doing the teaching, and with compulsory religious instruction as part of the curriculum. In large centers where there are a sufficient number of Jews or Protestants to justify the step there are separate Jewish and Protestant schools. The church is supported out of the state revenues. Herriot announced his intention of gradually "assimilating" Alsace to the secular regime of the rest of France. As a first step he authorized the cities to introduce "interconfessional schools," where all kinds of religion are taught in the same building. This aroused bitter resentment; the Catholic bishop of Strasbourg instructed Catholics of his diocese not to send their children to the interconfessional schools. While this school strike was still in process the situation was further aggravated by the general assembly of the cardinals and archbishops of France, who on March 10 prepared the following extraordinary manifesto, the partial text of which is here translated from the *Journal des Débats* (Paris) for March 13:

The Cardinals' Manifesto

The lay laws are unjust, first, because they are contrary to the formal rights of God. They have their origin in atheism and they lead to atheism in the individual, in the family, in society, in politics, in the nation, and in international relations. They suppose a total ignorance of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and of His gospel. They tend to substitute for the true God idols (liberty, solidarity, humanity, science, etc.) and to dechristianize all our lives and institutions. Those who established this regime, who have affirmed, extended, and imposed it, have had no other aim. Hence they are a work of impiousness, the expression of the basest injustice, just as the Catholic religion is the expression of the highest justice.

The lay laws are furthermore unjust because they are contrary to our temporal and spiritual interests. Examining them we find not one which does not attack our earthly goods and heavenly interests.

The school law takes from parents the liberty which belongs to them, and forces them to pay two taxes: one for official instruction, the other for Christian instruction; at the same time it deceives the child's mind, perverts its will, and destroys its conscience.

The separation law deprives us of properties which were necessary to us and establishes a thousand restrictions on our sacerdotal ministry, not to mention the public and scandalous official rupture of society with the church, religion, and God.

The divorce law separates man and wife, gives birth to sensational trials which humiliate and debase families, divides and saddens the children, renders marriages partly or entirely sterile, and gives legal sanction to adultery.

The secularization of the hospitals deprives the sick of the devoted and disinterested care which religion alone inspires, of the superhuman consolation which softens their suffering, and it leaves them to die without the sacraments.

We might develop this ad infinitum, add to these considerations, and show that secularism in every sphere is fatal to the good of the public and of the individual.

Thus the lay laws are not laws. Of law they have only the name, a usurped name; they are only corruptions of the law, acts of violence, as St. Thomas says, rather than law.

The manifesto next suggests that two kinds of tactics are open to Catholics—to seek, without attacking the lay laws directly, to persuade friendly officials to apply them moderately; or to make open war on secularism. It concludes that the latter policy must be adopted, and proceeds to outline the methods.

1. *Action upon Public Opinion.* Public opinion is to be influenced by spreading the truth, by denouncing the prejudices which blind the people and lead them astray, and by public demonstrations.

(a) The propaganda will be successful if it is persevering, if all Catholics express the same note of disapproval of the injustices of the lay laws—the "neutrality" (a lie, and impossible anyway) and secularism of the schools; the common school; the divorce law; the spoliation of the clergy; the expulsion of the teaching orders; the atheism of the state and of domestic, social, charitable, and political institutions—if the bishop's letters, the weekly Catholic papers, the parish bulletins, the reviews, the press, posters, lectures, catechisms all strike the same note. . . .

(b) The prejudices which blind the people and lead them astray must be destroyed. These are some of them: That the law, just or unjust, is the law, and must be obeyed. That the secularist laws cannot be changed (when all the other laws can be changed, and the Parliament passes its days in changing them). That to attack the lay laws is to attack the Republic (as if the law and the constitution were the same thing, as if the most thoroughgoing Republicans did not attack laws which they themselves voted and even the constitution of which they are the authors. The truth is that the Catholics should always attack secularism whatever the regime—monarchist or republican—which applies it). That religion and politics should be kept separate. (They should not be kept separate, but should be distinguished and reconciled.) That religion is a private matter. (Religion is a private matter, a family matter, a public matter. Society, like the individual, owes to the true God worship and an established church.) That religion has nothing to do with politics. (Religion leaves the individual free to be republican, royalist, or imperialist, because these forms of government *can be reconciled with it; it does not permit freedom* to be a socialist, a communist, or an anarchist, for these three sects are condemned by reason and the church.)

Except in special circumstances Catholics are bound loyally to serve the de facto governments, as long as these work for the temporal and spiritual welfare of their subjects; they are not permitted to give their aid to unjust or impious measures which governments may adopt; they are bound to recall that politics, being a part of ethics, is, like ethics, subject to reason, to religion, and to God. In such a fashion should the current prejudices be refuted.

(c) Action upon public opinion by public manifestations. Prudence here instructs us to follow its precepts, to avoid temerity, and to take all necessary precautions. But it is certain that well-prepared public manifestations will impress the masses, giving them an unwonted idea of our numbers, of our unity, of

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our power, and of our indomitable will to demand our rights until we get them.

2. *Action upon the Legislators.* This may lead to happy results:

(a) By petitions sent to the deputies and senators from each department. These petitions should come from all groups: heads of families, ex-soldiers, Catholic young men, railwaymen, war widows, Catholic women's leagues, the leading men in the banks, in industry, commerce, etc. These petitions should be addressed to all the members of Parliament without exception, and if a minister comes from one's part of the country he should hear these protests and recitals.

(b) Some important persons want us to go further and instruct all Catholics to refuse to vote for candidates who are not in theory and in practice adversaries of secularism and neutrality. These judicious men believe that the theory of the lesser evil carried too far has cost us greater and greater defeats and misfortunes, which a firmer attitude would have avoided.

3. *Action upon the Government.* Whatever affects public opinion and Parliament affects the Government, but the latter should also be approached directly.

Socialists, communists, civil servants, workers, and merchants set us an example. When a law or a decree offends or hurts them they do not consider questions in the Chamber or in the Senate sufficient: they address themselves to the powers that be; they go en masse to the town halls, the prefectures, and the ministries; they send their protests, delegations, and ultimatums to the officials; they go as far as to strike; they besiege and harass the Government, which almost always ends by yielding.

Why, in so far as our ethics, our dignity, our love of peace, founded on justice and charity, permit, should we not imitate them, in order to wipe out from our lawbooks statutes which, in the energetic phrase of one of our bishops, "lead from secularism to paganism"?

The manifesto concludes:

Certainly the task is immense and difficult; but real valor lies in meeting obstacles and facing danger. Moreover, we dispose of an army whose numbers and courage at least equal the numbers and courage of the other groups; a multitude of Christians, to count only those who are fervent and active, are eager to engage in battle.

Our corps—parishes, dioceses, ecclesiastical provinces—are ready. Catholics hitherto have lacked concentration, harmony, organization of effort. Will they not have sufficient abnegation to form a compact body which will work together under the direction of their hierarchical superiors?

People will say that this attitude will expose us to offenses and pitiless counter-attacks by our foes. That is not certain; but to what calamities has the other attitude not already exposed us? What future awaits us if, satisfied by a slight artificial lessening of the tension, we should fall asleep? Not perhaps for fifty years has the hour seemed so propitious; to let it pass unutilized would seem to be a betrayal of Providence.

This manifesto led to counter-attacks by the Left parties and to the most frenzied sessions which the French Chamber has seen since the war. We publish below extracts from the debate on March 20, in which Premier Herriot stated his position, as translated from the *Temps* (Paris) for March 22:

Herriot's Stand

M. Herriot. The present debate is only an episode in the long controversy which has been going on in France for centuries, over the relations of church and state. And I thank the bishops of France for having furnished an occasion in which our equally legitimate convictions may come face to face. . . . M. Bérard [Poincaré's Minister of Public Instruction, who had attacked the government policy on the day previous] said that it was the ministerial declaration which had provoked the storm. "You sowed the wind," he said; "do not be astonished if you reap the whirlwind."

Let us consider the facts. What was there in the declaration? Faithful to an opinion which I have often expressed here in the Chamber, and to the will of the country freely expressed at the elections on May 11, I declared, it is true, for the suppression of the Embassy at the Vatican. But let us consider. You say it is our decision which destroyed the equilibrium in which we had been living and ended that moral harmony which you do not wish more ardently than I. Yet during the war we had no Embassy at the Vatican, but we had an admirable unity. (Exclamations from the Right.)

M. Ybarnégaray. There was the war!

M. Herriot. Yes, there was the war, a great trial for all convictions and principles, and not only did the fact that no Embassy existed do no harm to the prestige of France . . .

Voices on the Right. Yes, it did!

M. Herriot. As proof, see how many peoples ranged themselves under our flag. (Interruptions from the Right.) . . . The Embassy has been abolished. Are you sure that it was for purely religious reasons, that the reasons were not partly political?

Voice on the Right. Chiefly political.

M. Herriot. In any case the measure was not of a kind to injure the Catholic faith or dogma. The Catholics still have their cardinals, who are their natural ambassadors at the Holy See. No one has a right to say that religion, dogma, or faith is involved.

M. Ybarnégaray. The abolition of the Embassy was nevertheless an insult to the Catholics.

M. Herriot. If it is a question of Catholic convictions, I ask cool-blooded—I do not say well-intentioned—Catholics—who retain their judgment in the present circumstances—I ask them: What was there in the ministerial declaration which injured the faith?

M. Biré. It was an attack upon the Catholics. (Exclamations from the Left and the Extreme Left.)

M. Herriot. Here is the text which yesterday was said to have given birth to uneasiness in religious circles, of which M. Groussau said that it had aroused the Catholics: "If we have decided not to retain the Embassy at the Vatican, and to apply the law to the religious orders, it is not at all with any thought of persecution or intolerance. . . ."

Voice on the Right. Oh, on the contrary!

M. Herriot. "We intend only to insure the sovereignty of the republican laws and to make the necessary distinction between the domain of religious belief and that of public affairs. Secularity we believe is the safeguard of national unity and fraternity. It is our duty to ignore personal convictions, unless they go counter to the law; we recognize them only to protect them." (Loud applause on the Extreme Left and the Left.) Have we not the right to be at least astonished when, utilizing the credit which their special authority gives them over little-informed or over-credulous minds . . . (Applause from the Extreme Left and the Left; lively interruptions from the Right.)

M. Ybarnégaray. Thanks! Is that what you call peace?

M. Lemire. I ask the floor.

M. Herriot. Some will say that this declaration is an appeal to hate . . .

M. Lemire. The phrase "over-credulous" irritates me as a Catholic (Applause from the Right), because as a Catholic I have no obligation to accept the manifesto of the cardinals. When my religion and my conscience as a Catholic are involved, I who am of the diocese of Lille recognize as my superior the bishop of Lille and only him. As to the cardinals, I respect them as princes of the church, but they have no other power than that of naming the successor of Saint Peter, and the archbishops, while they have the authority of appeal, have no supervision over me. I am not, then, over-credulous. I respect the manifesto of the cardinals, because it is a serious

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document, because tomorrow, unfortunately, the civic and the religious may be confused in my admirably Christian communes, a disturbance which I should like to avoid on the eve of the municipal elections. (Lively applause from the Extreme Left and the Left.)

M. Herriot. I admire though I am not surprised at the independence of the Abbé Lemire. What I say is that in view of the wording of the document which I have just read I have the right to be astonished and disturbed when Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are told that the ministerial declaration is an appeal to a war against religion, and I call upon the country to be judge. . . .

The manifesto of the archbishops is not an improvised affair, a passing mistake. It is the conclusion of a great campaign, of a principle. In the debate in this Chamber upon the Vatican Embassy I know I have never said a word to injure the Pope or his representatives. Have I been so treated by the other side? In a speech of the Pope's on February 10, 1925, reported in the *Osservatore Romano*, our policy was judged in these words: "That is not just, it is not generous, it is not French." (Violent exclamations and protests from the Extreme Left and the Left.). . . .

I could show you how from Sunday to Sunday the campaign has been waged not only against the Republic, but also against secularism and against the spirit of modern societies, for that, in fact, is the stake of the battle. (Applause at the Left and the Extreme Left.) Since October, meetings and manifestations have followed one another, at Bayonne, in the Var, at Tours, Rheims, Auxerre, Lyons, etc. At Thonon on January 17 the young Catholics were asked to pronounce the following oath: "We swear to oppose the expulsion of the religious orders by all means, if necessary by bloodshed." (Exclamations from the Left and the Extreme Left. Cries of "Very good! Very good!" from various benches at the Right.)

Some members of Parliament have spoken terribly imprudent words. One said: "Liberty is not given; it is taken." Another asked the abrogation of secularism. Still another pointed out at Verdun that occasions when the Government was seeking to float loans were excellent times for the representatives of certain religions to press their demands. (Interruptions from the Right.) At Angoulème, on February 11, the secretary of a Catholic association said: "The object of society is to assure order against disorder, and if disorder arms itself and is ready to shed blood each citizen should have his legitimate defense in his pocket."

Now you understand better the manner of presentation of this declaration of the cardinals, which is the most serious defiance of modern society and of the Republic since the Syllabus and the encyclical *Quanta Cura*. (Applause from the Left and the Extreme Left.) In reading it I was violently offended to see the suggestion of appeal to the leaders of industry, commerce, and banking. What! Does the Catholicism of Jesus, who chased the money-changers out of the temple, now say to His devotees: "Seek help, if you need it, from the bankers!" (Applause from the Left and the Extreme Left. Lively exclamations from the Right.)

M. Balanant. At least be honest! (Exclamations from the Left and the Extreme Left.)

M. Herriot. That is in the third part of the document—in the section on Action upon the Legislators.

M. Eugène Lautier. By the bankers? (Applause from the Left and Extreme Left.)

M. Herriot. Here is one of the worst defiances which we could receive: "Under the secular regime there is no professional conscience and no judicial impartiality outside the Catholic church." If no one of us would deny the moral elevation which scrupulous practice of the duties of the Catholic religion may give (Very good! Very good!) many of us cannot permit it to be said that there is no professional conscience among those who profess another religion or no religion, or who seek in their own consciences the principles of their duty. (Applause from the Left and the Extreme Left.) The attack upon the judicial system of the Republic is so insulting and scandalous that to mention it is to refute it and to vindicate the honor of the French judiciary. (Vigorous applause from the Left, Extreme Left, and parts of the Center.)

I take another phrase from the manifesto: "Secularization of the hospitals has deprived the sick of the devoted and disinterested care which religion alone inspires." (Exclamations from the Left and Extreme Left.)

A Member on the Right. That is known to be true. (Very good! Very good! from the Right and parts of the Center.)

M. Herriot. Disposed as we are to render the homage which they deserve to the women who, living behind the veil, devote their lives to the care of the sick, we are no less determined to protest against the implicit insult (interruptions from the Right and Center) to the admirable personnel (applause from the Left and Extreme Left) of the lay hospital women who, like many in the history of public charity, have sacrificed their own children to their duty. (Lively applause from the same benches.) That is intolerable. Those are words which will never be forgotten. (Renewed applause from the same benches.) I pass over the attacks upon certain laws, especially the divorce law. I will not ask whether the church has not, in annulling certain marriages, shown indulgence for some people of wealth (interruptions from the Right and from parts of the Center. Applause from the Left and Extreme Left.)

A Member on the Right. You forget Henry VIII.

M. Herriot. I return to the declarations upon secularism, for they are the heart of the manifesto. . . . The archbishops attack the secular school and secularization in general. They dare (interruptions from the Right and Center) use a phrase to which my predecessor [M. Poincaré] vigorously objected in 1909: "The lay school cheats the child's intelligence, perverts his will, and destroys his conscience." . . . This is the heart of the contest. The principle of secularism stands face to face with the principle of the supremacy of religion over the state. . . . The secularism which we demand, and which I shall try to define, does not deny the service of Christianity on certain occasions in the history of mankind—

A Member on the Right. Haven't you read the school histories?

M. Herriot. —especially when it was young and pure and unsophisticated, when it was still the Christianity of the catacombs and had not yet become the Christianity of the bankers. (Hearty applause from the Left and Extreme Left; prolonged interruptions from the Right and Center.)

The Right hissed the Prime Minister; the Left hooted in reply. Finally, some of the Left deputies leaped over the barriers and charged upon the Right. The deputies fought hand to hand battles, and the chairman, after seeking in vain to calm them, suspended the session of the Chamber.

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